THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1283.

Original Poetry.

TO ———.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. H. CONNELLY.

Farewell—we part to meet no more,
Now all my dearest hopes are o'er:
My brightest dreams of earth are fled,
No ray of hope is left to shed,
One beam of light o'er darkness drear,
To tell the wretch life once was fair!

Oh! once I hoped for better things,
When moments flew on seraph wings,
When thy young heart at feeling's shrine,
Breathed forth the vow "*forever thine*;"
I vainly hoped so pure a heart
From truth's bright track could ne'er depart!

But 'tis not mine, false one, with thee
To act the part thou'st play'd to me;
I seek no harsh or unkind tone,
To probe a heart to truth unknown,
E'en now the mists that shroud thy soul,
May feel remorse's stern control!

But should your soul recoil in dread
From mem'ry's gleams, which o'er you shed
Their horrid light of ghastly glare,
You oft will pause in mute despair,
In dreadful doubts, or terrors shrink,—
Farewell! "Your curse will be to think!"

THE SLEIGHERS' SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY "THE VILLAGER."

When the sun lies deep on the once green vale,
And in spotless flakes on the cold winds sail,
Like the white leaves torn from the rose's stem,
That shine in some fairy queen's diadem;

Then, we grasp the rein of the curbless steed,
And follow his flight where the wild winds lead,
Whilst the joyous sound of our tinkling bells,
Is borne through the woods, where the grey fox dwells.

They tell of the song of the sighing maid,
That droops far away in the city's shade;
But the voice of the villager's sweeter far,
As she glides along in the wheelless car.

Here, no flattering tongue with its accents wild,
Can steal the pure heart of this guileless child;
But her eye is bright, and her laugh rings clear,
O'er the snowy dell, on the winter air.

And the lover that kisses her glowing cheek,
In the mountain breeze, from his realm so bleak,
For he came when he heard the music's swell,
That flew to his home from the merry bell.

The Aeronaut floats in the upper air;
The Gondolier glides in his bark so fair,
But the heart of the sleigher more wildly thrills,
To the trancing sound of the magic bells.

Original Tales.

TOO PROUD.
A Sketch from Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JANE WEAVER.

"What do you intend to do?" said Edward Hanson to his brother Frederick, as the orphan boys sat together, about two months after the death of their last parent. "It is necessary for us to act speedily, for our money is nearly gone; and it will not do to starve."

"What do you intend to do?" said Frederick, who, though the elder, seemed disposed to hear his brother's plans, before he announced his own.

"I shall look out for work of some kind, and that to-day. The truth is, there is no choice. Bread we must have, and wishing won't bring it: so we must labor for it, as better persons have done before us."

"I don't see that," said Frederick. "Father was a lawyer, and the first of his family who stooped to be even that, for all the rest were gentlemen and lived on their estates. What would he think if he was alive, to see his sons hiring out as day laborers, or even going behind a counter. No, I'll never stoop to that—I'll starve first! But there's no necessity for such extremities," added Frederick, in a less vehement tone, "for old Mrs. Newton, you know, has invited us there, and I shall accept the invitation."

"What! go where you are not wanted!" exclaimed Edward indignantly. "I am sure, Frederick, you said, when the letter came, that the old lady was barely civil, and gave the invitation merely because she was our nearest relative, and thought hard things might be said of her by the censorious, if she neglected us entirely."

"Yes! There is no doubt that she would be glad to get rid of us, and that is one reason why I am going there. She was under many obligations to father when he was wealthy and she only a sort of charity companion to mother. Father got her a rich husband—and now that the tables have turned it is but right she should support us."

"I am too proud to go," said Edward. "I would rather work my fingers to the bone—live on bread and water—sleep in a garret—and go shivering, half clad, from December to March, than eat at a table or sleep under a roof where I was not welcome!"

"And I," retorted Frederick, "am too proud to be a base mechanic, and disgrace my ancestry. Surely, Ned, you are not in earnest. You don't mean to go to work like a clod-hopper."

"You use strong terms," said Edward, with a flushed cheek, "when you call mechanics base, and stigmatize laborers as clod-hoppers. It is no disgrace to work! *My* pride consists in personal independence, in being the hanger on of nobody, yours, in a dead ancestry, who were robber chiefs in the dark ages, and have been drones in society ever since."

"Oh! you vile leveller," said Frederick, "have you no spark of our forefather's pride—none of the reverence for knightly honor which has ever distinguished the Hansons? You are a scandal to our name," he continued rising. "I used to think you were in jest, when you praised honest labor. I find my mistake. But you must go your own way. For my part, I still remember I am a gentleman's son, and that the aristocratic hands of my race have never yet been disgraced by labor."

"But how do you expect to live? Mrs. Newton has only asked you there for a few months: you cannot expect her to clothe as well as feed you."

"I shall marry an heiress," said Frederick, unconsciously looking in the glass at his fine person.

Edward heaved a sigh. His own rigid notions of personal pride, revolted from his brother's plan; but he knew words would be in vain; so he only extended his hand and said,

"Well, do not let us part in anger. We are the only survivors of our family—and though we follow different routes in life, I would not that we should be enemies. I hope you may be happy."

"You will reconsider your determination," said the elder brother, accepting the pledge of amity. "Work is as unpleasant, as it is derogatory, to a gentleman. Your notion of being dependant on no one, is, I grant, a romantic one, and apt to beguile the imagination of a man like you; but you'll soon find that to live on coarse fare—to have a hard master over you—and to be thrust continually into the society of boors and coarse mechanics, is a sad damper on your enthusiastic notions. I am older than you, and—take my word for it—you'll repent of your bargain and follow me to Mrs. Newton's."

Frederick, accordingly, went to Mrs. Newton's; and Edward sought out a place. He soon found a respectable mechanic, a bricklayer by trade, who agreed to take him as an apprentice, and as five years of his minority remained, Edward was bound to Mr. Simpson for that time. His superior education, and his cheerful disposition soon made him both respected and loved in his master's family, and every year increased the esteem with which Mr. Simpson regarded the young man. Mr. Simpson's business was a large and extensive one, and Edward made himself so useful to his master by keeping accounts after his day's work with the trowel was done, that he rapidly acquired a standing which none of the other apprentices obtained. These, at first, laughed at our hero for laboring with the pen after his day's task was over, and would have persuaded him away to some place of idle amusement: but Edward replied, "No, I prefer obliging Mr. Simpson who is so kind to me. For cards, or the theatre I have no taste. Pray, then, excuse me." When Mr. Simpson heard this, he said, "Edward is right. He has his fortune to make, and is wise in not wasting a moment's time. Constant industry, and a disposition to oblige, is the only way for a man, without capital, to rise in the world. Edward will yet be rich, while some of his fellow apprentices will die beggars."

Frederick found but a cold reception at Mrs. Newton's; but he was resolved, for the present at least, to see no slights. He was three years older than his brother, and already something of what is called a man of the world. He purchased fine clothes on credit, which his living at the rich Mrs. Newton's enabled him to do: and, with the same passport, he soon worked his way into the best society of the place. He was really a handsome young man, possessed courteous manners, and was known to be the descendant of a once illustrious line. Thus he soon became a favorite. But Frederick could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was only a favorite to a certain extent: he was welcome at dinner parties, was invited to soirees where he could be made useful, and was allowed to promenade with the older females occasionally. But he saw that no mother permitted him to become intimate with her daughters. Rich fathers eyed him suspiciously. In a word, he was regarded as a pleasant hanger-on, but nothing more. "A deuced fine fellow," said the sons of the rich families with whom he associated, "but poor as a rat. Sisters mine," this was addressed to the sisters where the young men had any, "you may flirt with him to pique others into offers, but don't be such fools as to fall in love with him." Nor did the sisters seem disposed to disregard this prudent advice.

How Frederick lived was a miracle to many of his acquaintance. He still resided with Mrs. Newton, who found him useful to deliver messages among her fashionable acquaintances, the office really of a footman, whose wages Mrs. Newton thus saved, though the proud blood of Frederick Hansen would have boiled at an insinuation of the truth. But he required money occasionally, and at first it was a serious affair for him to obtain it. At length he discovered that many gentlemanly men did not despise occasionally plucking a pigeon at a game of billiards; and Frederick learned accordingly, as he was a good player, to meet his tailor's bill by this method. Now and then he borrowed ten or twenty dollars for a day or two of his rich young acquaintance; and it came at last to be a standing jest, "that Fred. Hanson's borrowing was the new way of pocket-picking." To this state of degradation was he reduced, because he was too proud to labor honestly for a living. He thought it a disgrace to be a mechanic: but considered it no stigma to impose on an acquaintance.

While Frederick was thus sinking lower in the estimation of all honorable men, and even had become a bye-word among his fashionable acquaintances of both sexes, Edward was slowly but steadily advancing in the esteem of his employer, and establishing a valuable character for enterprize, industry and rectitude. He had, moreover, won the affections of Mary Benson, one of the loveliest of her sex. She, like Edward, was poor: but they relied on Providence: and comforted themselves with the reflection that their mutual love would smooth an otherwise thorny and difficult path. But their future was not as dark as imagined. Edward was now approaching his twenty-first year, and as he thought how soon he would be left to depend entirely on himself, his brow occasionally became clouded with those fears of the future which even the most sanguine experience.

"What is the matter, Edward?" said Mr. Simpson to him one day. "You have, at times lately, looked care-worn. Does anything weigh on your mind?"

Edward hesitated a moment, but there was an expression of such kindness in Mr. Simpson's face, that he resolved to make a confidant of his master.

"I have done," he said, "what you will probably consider a very foolish thing. I am engaged to be married, and to one as poor as myself. She is, I am sure, all that I could desire in a wife: and it is best, perhaps, that a young man should be early settled in life; but I fear I may have been too precipitate, for if I should fall sick, what will become of my family? A journeyman mechanic makes wages enough to live comfortably, I know: but alas who shall ensure me against sickness on my own part or on that of my wife, both equally expensive. Yet, perhaps, these very fears which many would call prudence, are sinful. Should we not trust in God for all things?" he continued, looking up at Mr. Simpson, with a more cheerful expression.

"You are a noble young man," said Mr. Simpson, with warmth. "Nor do I know that you have acted wrong in betrothing yourself. The heart is generally more to be trusted in such affairs than the head, and you especially would be the last person to act against the dictates of reason. Pray, who is the lady?"

"Mary Benson!"

"The very one I would have chosen for a son, had I one of your age. No, Edward, you have done right. A good wife is a treasure not to be obtained every day!"

Edward crimsoned with pride and pleasure, while Mr. Simpson continued.

"The worldly wise, my dear boy, would say you and she ran a great risk in marrying with such means, or rather with no means at all. But happiness does not depend on money: it springs from other and better causes; and love can sweeten many a privation and nerve us for many a difficult task. I only speak thus to convince you that you have mistook me, in fancying that I was too old and calculating to approve of your engagement. Now to come to business. I have been thinking of your approaching majority, and have felt that I could ill afford to lose you. When a man gets to be fifty, as I am, he naturally wishes for repose; and I would, therefore, have some capable person to take the chief labor of my business off my shoulders. You are just the person I desire. Become my partner, with one fourth of the profits now, and a third after two years. I will present you with a thousand dollars to furnish a house, and then you and Mary can be married at once. What say you?"

What could Edward say? His eyes filled with tears and his voice refused its office; he could only press Mr. Simpson's hand and look his thanks.

Years passed. Happily married to a woman he adored and who returned his affection devotedly, prosperous in business, esteemed by society, and conscious of a life well spent, Edward Hanson, the once poor boy, was a living example of what industry, enterprise and honesty can achieve in a free country like this. He is now a large proprietor of real estate and has long retired from active business. Mr. Simpson, his kind patron, having been dead many years. Edward has purchased back the estate that once belonged to his family and resides there part of the year. His intelligence, wealth and comprehensive views give him the first station in whatever society he chooses to mingle. Several times the people of his native county have solicited him to be their representative in Congress; but he is of opinion that he can do more good at home educating his children and attending to works of beneficence. In both these his wife ably assists him; and their progeny reward this care, by being the best behaved and most intelligent of the neighborhood.

Frederick never succeeded in marrying an heiress. After the death of Mrs. Newton, which happened many years since, he would have been without a home, if his brother, already rising in the world, had not come to his aid. As Edward had children to educate he did not care to have a man of his brother's character about his house: so he tendered Frederick an allowance, sufficient for the comfort though not for the superfluities of life, on condition that he abandoned gambling. To this the elder brother submitted. Frederick boards at one of the most aristocratic houses in the city, and manages with strict economy to dress in good style. But as most of his allowance is thus expended on show, he has nothing left for other comforts. The old habits of his life still cling to him. He is noted for drinking other people's wine, riding in other people's carriages, and occasionally inflicting himself as a self-invited guest at other people's country houses. As he lived, so he will die, thoroughly selfish. He often talks of the antiquity of the Hanson family, and now and then insinuates that there is royal blood in their veins.

Thus, while the younger brother is everywhere esteemed, the older brother is everywhere a laughing stock. Reader! it does not answer to be too proud.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

EINSIEDELN AND ITS ABBEY—THE ROSSBERG—SCHWYTZ—THE LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS—REMINISCENCES OF TELL—ALPINE SCENERY.

Amsteg, in Canton Uri, August 15, 1845.

We crossed the long bridge from Rapperschyl, and took the road over the mountain opposite, ascending for nearly two hours along the side, with glorious views of the Lake of Zurich and the mountains which enclose it. The upper and lower ends of the lake were completely hid by the storms, which, to our regret, veiled the Alps, but the part below lay spread out dim and grand, like a vast picture. It rained almost constantly, and we were obliged occasionally to take shelter in the pine forests, whenever a heavier cloud passed over. The road was filled with beggars, who dropped on their knees in the rain before us, or placed bars across the way, and then took them down again [illegible] they demanded money.

At length we reached the top of the pass, where another rocky peak towered above us. Many pilgrims to Einsiedeln had stopped at a little inn there, and some of them I noticed had come a long distance to pay their vows, especially as the next day was the Ascension day of the Virgin, whose image there is noted for performing many miracles. Passing on, we crossed a wild torrent by an arch called the "Devil's Bridge." The mountains rose all around through the mist, like the columns of a mighty temple. Lofty, elevated plains extended down between the summits, with scattering villages here and there upon them. They were covered with scanty patches of grain and potatoes, and the boys were tending their goats on the grassy slopes, sometimes trilling or *yodling* an Alpine melody. An hour's walk further brought us to Einsiedeln, a small town, whose only attraction is the Abbey, after Loretto, in Italy, the most celebrated resort for pilgrims in Europe. It is a building of great size, on a terrace at the foot of the mountain. A flight of steps leads to the platform in front, on which are ranged a number of booths for the exhibition and sale of relics.

We entered immediately into the great church. It was a very striking scene—the gorgeous vaulted roof and long aisles were dim with the early evening; hundreds of worshippers sat around the sides, or kneeled in groups on the broad stone pavements, chanting over their Paternosters and Ave Marias in a shrill, monotonous tone, and the holy image near the entrance was surrounded by persons, many of whom had come in the hope of being healed of some disorder under which they suffered. I could not distinctly make out the image, for it was placed far back within the grating and a strong crimson lamp behind it was made to throw the light around, in the form of a glory. Many of the pilgrims had come a long distance. I saw some in the costume of the Black Forest, and others who appeared natives of the Italian Cantons; also a group of young women who wore conical fur caps, from the forests of Bregenz, on the Lake of Constance.

I was astonished at the splendor of this church, situated in a lonely and unproductive Alpine valley. The lofty arches of the ceiling, which are covered with superb fresco paintings, rest on enormous pillars of granite, and every image and shrine is richly ornamented with gold. There was an opening in the middle of the grand centre dome through which I could see into a little spire, filled with a brilliant orange colored light, that streamed faintly into the dome. Some of the chapels were filled with the remains of martyrs, and these were always surrounded with throngs of the believers. The choir was closed by a tall iron grating, but a single lamp, which swung from the roof, made it possible to see through the darkness, that though much more rich in ornaments than the body of the church, it was far less grand and impressive. The frescoes which cover the ceiling, are said to be the finest paintings of the kind in Switzerland.

This morning our starting was delayed by the rain, and we took advantage of it to hear mass in the Abbey, and enjoy the heavenly music. The latter was of the loftiest kind, and there was one voice among the singers I shall not soon forget. It was like the warble of a bird who sings out of very wantonness. On and on it sounded, making its clear, radiant sweetness heard above the chant of the choir and the thunder of the orchestra. Such a rich, varied and untiring strain of melody I have never yet met with.

Continuing our journey when the service had ceased, we took a small road leading to Schwytz. We had now fairly entered the Alpine region, and our first task was to cross a mountain. This having been done, we kept along the back of the ridge which bounds the Lake of Tug on the south, terminating with the well-known Rossberg. The scenery became wilder with every step. The luxuriant fields of herbage on the mountains were spotted with the picturesque *chalets* of the hunters and Alpherds; cattle and goats were browsing along the declivities, their bells tinkling most musically, and the little streams fell in foam down the steeps. We began to realize here our anticipations of Swiss scenery. It increased in grandeur as we followed the windings of the rivulet down the valleys, and the tops of the mountains entered the clouds. Just on the other side of the range, along which we travelled, lay the little lake of Egeri and valley of Morgarten, where Tell and his followers overcome the army of the German Emperor, and we were startled on walking along the Lake of Lowertz, to find a chapel by the roadside, built on the spot where the house of Werner Stauffacher, one of the "three men of Grutli," formerly stood. It bears a poetical inscription in old German, and a rude painting of the Battle of Morgarten. The island of Schwanau, in the lake, contains the ruins of a tower which bore a part in that romantic history.

As we wound around the Lake of Lowertz, we could see the valley which lies between the Rossberg and the Righi, which latter mountain stood full in view. To our regret, and that of all other travellers, the clouds hung low upon it as they had done for a week at least, and there was no prospect of a change. The Rossberg, from which we had just descended, is about four thousand feet in height; a dark brown stripe from its very summit to the valley below, showed the track of the avalanche which, in 1806, overwhelmed Goldeau, and laid waste the beautiful vale of Lowertz. We could trace the masses of the rock and earth as far as the foot of the Righi. Four hundred and fifty persons perished by this catastrophe, which was so sudden that in five minutes the whole lovely valley was transformed into a desolate wilderness. The shock was so great that the Lake of Lowertz over flowed its banks, and part of the village of Steinen at the upper end, was destroyed by the waters.

An hour's walk through a blooming Alpine vale brought us to the little town of Schwytz, the capital of the Canton. It stands at the foot of a rock-mountain, in shape not unlike that of Gibraltar, but of double its height. The bare and rugged summits seem to hang directly over the town, but the people dwell below without fear, although the ruins of Goldau are full in sight. The lofty Axenberg rises to the south, and a narrow blue line at the end of the valley which stretches westward, marks the Lake of the Four Cantons. Down this valley we hurried, that we might not miss the boat which plies its whole length daily, from Luzerne to Fluelen. I regretted not being able to visit Luzerne, as I had a letter to the distinguished Swiss composer, Schnyder von Wartensee, who resides there at present. The place is said to present a most desolate appearance, being avoided by travellers, and even by artizans, so that business of all kinds goes on very slowly. The prisoners taken in the battle last spring have nearly all been sentenced to hard labor in the prisons.

At the little town of Brunnen, on the lake, we waited the coming of the steamboat. The scenery around it is exceedingly grand; lofty mountains bathe their feet in the dark waters of the lake, and their sides of rock are so precipitous, that there is room but for few chalets upon them. Looking down towards Luzerne, we could see the dark mass of Mount Pilatus on the one side, and on the other the graceful outline of the Righi, still wearing her hood of clouds. We put off in a skiff to meet the boat, with two Capuchin friars in long brown mantles and cowls, with rosaries at their girdles.

Nearly opposite to Brunnen is the meadow of Grutli, where the union of the Swiss patriots took place, and the bond was sealed that enabled them to cast off their chains. It is a little green slope [illegible] the two Cantons of Uri and Unterwalden, surrounded on all sides by precipices. A little crystal spring in the centre is believed by the common people to have gushed up on the spot where the "three linked the hands that made them free." It is also a popular belief that they slumber in a rocky cavern near the spot, and that they will arise and come forth when the liberties of Switzerland are in danger. She stands at present greatly in need of a new triad to restore the ancient harmony.

We passed this glorious scene, almost the only green spot on the bleak mountain-side, and swept around the base of the Axenberg, at whose foot, in a rocky cave, stands the chapel of William Tell. This has been built on the spot where he leaped from Gesler's boat during the storm. It sits at the base of the rock, on the water's edge, and can be seen far over the waves. The Alps, whose eternal snows are lifted dazzling to the sky, complete the grandeur of a scene so hallowed by the footsteps of Freedom. The wild and lonely solemnity of the landscape impressed me with an awe, like that one feels when standing in a mighty cathedral, when the aisles are dim with twilight. And how full of interest to a citizen of young and free America is a shrine where the votaries of Liberty have turned to gather strength and courage through the storms and convulsions of five hundred years!

We stopped at the village of Fluelen, at the head of the lake, and walked on to Altorf, a distance of half a league. Here, in the market-place, is a tower said to be built on the spot where the linden tree stood, under which the child of Tell was placed, while, about a hundred yards distant, is a fountain with Tell's statue, on the spot from whence he shot the apple. If these localities are correct he must indeed have been a master of the cross-bow. The tower is covered with rude paintings of the principal events in the history of Swiss liberty. I viewed these scenes with double interest from having read Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," one of the most splendid tragedies ever written. The beautiful reply of his boy, when he described to him the condition of the "land where there are no mountains," was sounding in my ears during the whole day's journey.

"Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche!"

The little village of Burglen, whose spire we saw above the forest, in a glen near by, was the birth-place of Tell, and the place where his dwelling stood, is now marked by a small chapel. In the Schachen, a noisy mountain stream that comes down to join the Reuss, he was drowned, when an old man, in attempting to rescue a child who had fallen in—a death worthy of the hero! We bestowed a blessing on his memory in passing, and then followed the banks of the rapid Reuss. Twilight was gathering in the deep Alpine glen, and the mountains on each side, half-seen through the mist looked like vast, awful phantoms. Soon they darkened to black, indistinct masses; all was silent but the deepened roar of the falling floods; dark clouds brooded above us like the outspread wings of night, and we were glad, when this little village was reached, and the parlor of the inn opened to us a more cheerful, if not so romantic scene. J. B. T.

A Touching Story.

TALE OF THE HEART.

The following affecting story is related by the Rev. H. Edwards, of England, in a work recently published. It shows that the most determined pride of purpose cannot always conquer love, and that the latter emotion secretly encouraged, sometimes preys upon life and produces death. There are those who laugh and sneer in supposing such a state of things, and attribute such effects to *weak mindedness*. All hearts, however, are not constituted alike, and the annexed simple tale may be regarded with sympathy by some readers:—

"The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire, being reduced by the death of her father to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emelie (that was her name) received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of very modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with whom she lived, frequently visited at the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emelie, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made effectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health was seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would be of any service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress, and having the same opportunities as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or to die rather than to give way to an attachment in spite of her, she relapsed into a deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her affectionate mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret; and to induce her to do so told her the danger she was in, and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary to her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress she acknowledged her passion, begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it, and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They began to sound the young man upon the subject, and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merits of Emelie, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her, (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress;) entered into conversation with her, testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say that if she could recover he would be happy to marry her. 'Marry me!' cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes on him; 'Marry me!' and throwing her head back, she instantly expired."

LEAP-YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Leap-year is what the maiden loves
A point to her *it* proffers,
What tho' she chance to get the glove,
She still may *urge* her offers—
And bow and smile and look soft things,
And vainly hope for favor.
Old maids, as seldom out of teens,
Despair of marrying—never. E. W.

From the Magazines.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAG. FOR MARCH.

AMY GRAY.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

CHAPTER I.

——— How strong the love,
The first, warm love of youth!

It was the last ball of the season, and all that taste could plan and wealth could execute, all that could intoxicate the senses and lull them to forgetfulness of the many varied ills that flesh is heir to, was brought to minister to the gratification of the fashionable circle that was assembled in one of the most splendid establishments in B———. The light from the glittering chandeliers fell upon fair and graceful forms, whose beauty rivalled that of the lovely flowers which in gay profusion breathed their odors around them.

Here was one like a spotless lily bending her proud head in sweet acceptance of the homage of loud admirers, there another like a queenly rose blushing sweetness upon all beholders; here a modest violet veiling her soft blue eyes from the glance of admiration, there a gay carnation flaunting in her brilliant beauty, and taking hearts by storm. That tall and stately heiress may image the camelia; the gentle girl beside her, not striking to gaze upon, but rich in all the noble charms of soul and intellect, is the fragrant heliotrope; while my heroine, sweet Amy Gray, is the blue forget-me-not, transplanted from the dewy meads, where till now she has bloomed in sweet seclusion, to the close and heated atmosphere of Mrs. Granville's crowded ball-room.

Amy had left the home of her childhood a few short months before, on a visit to a wealthy aunt and uncle between whom and parents there had been for some years but little intercourse. She had been admired, caressed and flattered in society, and now, on the eve of her return to her native village, her heart was sinking at the thought of leaving the scenes of gaiety she has learned to love too well, and with them one whose presence had been to her their greatest charm. She was standing alone, absorbed apparently in painful thoughts—for these, alas! will intrude even amid the most favored haunts of pleasure—when her hand was claimed by a tall, distinguished looking young gentleman, and in an instant she was whirling round in the bewitching waltz, the centre of an admiring circle.

There were prouder and more striking figures on the floor than Amy Gray in her dress of soft blue gauze floating like an azure veil round her graceful form, but when the music ceased, and with her cheeks flushed and glowing with the excitement of the rapid movement, she raised her beautiful eyes to Clarence Seymour's face, there was such tenderness, such sensibility in the glance that the young man thought he had never beheld any thing on earth more lovely. He bent over her, and whispered something that suffused her cheeks with a still deeper hue, and they were soon threading their way amidst the crowd, and passed through a window that opened from the floor of the apartment into the spacious garden. It was just such a scene as youthful lovers would delight in. A bright, unclouded moon was shedding its soft rays amid lofty trees and graceful statues, and murmuring fountains, while the music softened by the distance swelled in harmonious cadences with a sweetness that might

"Take the prison'd soul, and lap it in Elysium."

Here Clarence and Amy wandered for nearly an hour, for there was no vigilant chaperon to guard Amy's movements. Her aunt was a quiet, stay-at-home woman, and the young friends she had accompanied to the ball were too much absorbed in their own concerns to notice her absence from the ball-room. She re-entered it but for a moment to bow her adieu to Mrs. Granville, and then, unconscious of anything but the parting pressure of Charles Seymour's hand, as he placed her in the carriage, and his whispered assurance that he would see her early on the morrow, Amy was soon in the solitude of her own chamber.

Dismissing the maid who was in attendance upon her, and curious as dressing maids usually are to hear "how and all about the ball," Amy threw herself upon a chair, and hiding her face in its cushioned depths, wept the first tears of happiness she had ever shed. "He loves me—he loves me!" she exclaimed at length, clasping her hands and raising her tearful eyes—"oh! the bliss of certainty, after the harrowing doubts of the last few weeks——"

And Amy again strove to recall each look and tone of the beloved one as he had poured his passionate vows into her willing ear, and the grey dawn of morning found her still in her gala dress, with the pearls gleaming in her light brown hair, living over and over again the hour in which she had listened to the first avowal of affection from him who had captivated her youthful fancy.

Deeply agitated as Amy had been by the interview at Mrs. Granville's, she was scarcely less so by her hurried tete-a-tets with Clarence during the short time they were able to be alone on the following day. She was to leave town early the next morning, friends were calling to bid farewell; there was shopping to be done, trunks to be packed, directions given. Amid all these distractions, Clarence could gain but a few moments, during which he portrayed so feelingly his misery at her approaching departure, and deplored so bitterly the entire dependence of his own position which chained him to his father's counting house, and would prevent his following her immediately, that Amy was completely overcome by his unhappiness and her own. "Even love brings sorrow," sighed Amy, as she contrasted her present feelings with the dreams of unalloyed felicity. Alas, she little knew what sorrow love can work to those who, like herself, give themselves up to its bright, but often vain illusions.

Our heroine was soon at home—the home she had left so reluctantly to visit her almost unknown relatives, and to which she returned with such a divided heart. All was unchanged there—every chair and table in its wonted place, her father at his writing-desk, her mother at her work-table, her little brother at his lesson, just as on the evening before she left them. But ah! how different did it look to her. The room seemed to have grown smaller, the carpet duller, the furniture plainer when contrasted with the splendor that had surrounded her. Even her parents seemed to have grown old fashioned during her absence, and the quiet home, once the shrine of all her earthly joys, felt like a dull and cheerless place.

Unfortunately for Amy, neither her father nor mother were very observing characters. Both were entirely absorbed in their respective avocations, and satisfied that their daughter looked as blooming as when she left them, and that her relations had been all kindness, (which the handsome gifts they showered upon her and had sent to her family, most abundantly proved,) they seemed entirely blinded to any other change, made no effort to gain her confidence, and thought everything was going on as before her visit. It is true Amy's brow was still unclouded, her eye bright, her smile winning. The ready blush mantled over her fair face and neck with even more than its wonted frequency, she was once more her mother's ready assistant in her usual duties—all was outwardly as before. But in that inner world—the home of feeling, of thought, of memory—of all in short which constitutes our real life—what a revulsion those few short months had produced! Amy could hardly realize that she was the same being who in her laughing, careless glee had hitherto lived but for the present moment. Now the present seemed annihilated, while memory was busy with the happy past when Clarence was daily at her side, or hope pictured a still happier future, when he would come and claim her for his ——

CHAPTER II.

"What have I to do with thee
Dull, unjoyous constancy?"

A small party of gentlemen were sitting round the dinner-table, the wine was circulating freely, and the song and merry jest showed that the company were all in high good humor.

"Come, Sedly, another song," cried one.

"I am as hoarse as a raven already," said Sedly, "and cannot sing another note. It is your turn Clarence, now."

"Clarence! you can't expect Clarence to sing—his charmer has flown off to her sylvan shades, and he has been duller than the fat weed that grows on Lethe's bank ever since."

"Nay, Clary," said Sedly, "were you really so smitten with that pretty country girl? I thought you had more taste. She was as simple-looking a little thing as I ever saw—no air, no style about her, one of Byron's 'bread and butter girls.'"

"Still she was very pretty, and Clarence made desperate love to her—I heard him myself," said the first speaker; "but it was not serious—eh, Clary?"

"Serious!" exclaimed Clarence, "I should hope not. How could such a poor devil as I make serious love to any woman? We had as nice a little flirtation as you ever saw, and indeed for a week after she left town I was so dull that I was almost afraid I had gone too far, and singed myself a little—but the fit is off now."

"I wonder if the fit is off with the young lady too, Mr. Seymour?" said a grave looking man in the corner, who had hitherto said but little.

"Most likely it is, doctor," said Clarence, laughing—"that is provided she ever caught the infection. Even supposing she did, I am not such a coxcomb as to suppose she would break her heart for me—to say nothing of broken hearts being out of fashion now."

"Antediluvian," said Sedly. "Hearts now-a-days being made of catchouc which cannot be broken, or of asbestos, which cannot be burned—so we can set fire to them with perfect impunity."

"So some young gentlemen appear to think," said Dr. X———, quickly. "It is true the disease of a broken-heart does not appear on our bills of mortality, but the number that sink prematurely into their graves, victims of blighted hopes and disappointed affections, is enough to make a conscientious man hesitate before he throws the fire-brand in sport which may destroy in earnest."

"Stop, doctor, or you will give me the blue devils," said Clarence, rising and pulling out his watch. "Come, Sedly, will you walk with me?"

"We must all speak from our own experience—my precious organ," said Sedly, placing his hand upon his heart with a theatrical gesture as he was leaving the room, "has been made a foot ball of for ten years at least, to say nothing of being set on fire at least fifty times during the same period, yet still performs all its functions admirably at the present moment. Come, Clarence, my boy, confess," continued Sedly, as he passed his arm through that of his friend, and led him up the street,—"had you any notion of the little Grey? you looked so gloomy when the doctor spoke, that I am afraid it is all over with you."

"My conscience gave me a slight twinge, I confess," said Clarence. "I certainly did make desperate love to her, and had she stayed a week longer, her sweet, confiding manner would have won me entirely. Now I think I am safe."

"But you did not propose?"

"No—I can't say I did exactly," said Clarence, "but I cursed my poverty which prevented my doing so, and made her promise a thousand times she would not forget me, which from my soul I hope she has done by this time. To break her heart!—oh, God! I could not stand that!"

"Better first than last, my dear friend," said Sedly, "Fancy yourself married to her—both of you as poor as rats, and tell me the result."

"Madness—misery to us both—it is not to be thought of."

"Then it is *une affaire finie*," said Sedly, "and we may talk of the Miss Hamiltons."

"I detest them," said Clarence.

"So do I," said Sedly, "but I mean to marry one, and I think the best thing you can do is to marry the other. A cool ninety thousand each—I have seen the father's will and know how it is inserted. Marianne Hamilton thinks you the handsomest man she ever saw; so your friend, I advise you to marry her and forget the sylvan nymph, Amy Gray, with all convenient speed.'

"Ah, she is so beautiful, so gentle, so confiding, and seemed to love me. This Marianne Hamilton is as proud as Lucifer, and plain and ill-tempered too."

"Not another syllable on your allegiance," cried Sedly, "we will go there at eight." Clarence consented, and the friends parted.

CHAPTER III.

"Die Blume is hinweg aus meinem Leben
Und kalt und farblos seh' ich's vor mir liegen."

"Amy, my child! speak to me," said Mrs. Grey, who, a few moments before, had entered her daughter's room, and found her stretched senseless on a little couch, which of late had been her constant resting-place. The anxious mother had applied the usual restoratives, and Amy had given some signs of returning consciousness. It was but little more than a year since Amy's return from B———, and oh! the change it had wrought in the brilliant beauty that had then been pressed in joyous pride to Mrs. Gray's maternal heart.

Amy's head rested heavily on her mother's supporting arm, and the rich folds of her hair were pushed off her temples, while Mrs. Gray's tears fell fast over the thin, pale face and corrugated brow of her suffering child. But Amy's beauty though dimmed, was not destroyed. It had assumed a more spiritual, a more intellectual character. Though her cheeks were sunken, and the ruddy glow of health was paled, the perfect contour of her features, of the fine, straight nose and still beautiful mouth—was perhaps more striking than before. And when she lifted the long lashes from the cheek they shadowed, and raised her soft blue eyes to her mother's face with such a look of woe as pierced her very soul, Mrs. Gray could command herself no longer, and with a burst of grief, passionately exclaimed—

"My child, my Amy, you will break my heart if you do not tell me what is breaking yours!"

Amy tried to speak but could not. She only moaned piteously and hid her face in her mother's bosom. Further restoratives were given her, and she at length motioned that her mother should bring her a newspaper that had fallen beside her, and pointing to a paragraph, said—

"Read it to me again, mother, that I may be sure it is true, and when I am stronger I will tell you all—all."

Mrs. Gray took the paper and read, "married on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. D——, Clarence Seymour, Esq., to Marianne, daughter of the late Richard Hamilton, Esq."

Amy pressed her lips firmly together, as one gathering strength to bear a heavy blow. She faintly whispered, "leave me alone, dear mother, I will not faint again," and her mother quietly left the room.

When she returned to it Amy still lay upon her little couch, her white hands raised and clasped as if in a prayer. Through the windows above her head clusters of rich roses and fragrant honeysuckles were bending their blossoms from amid the vine leaves as if in sympathy with the sufferings of [illegible] and the mother re-called the words of the psalm[illegible] that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of sorrow. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower, he fleeth as it were a shadow and continueth not." And felt that her own sweet flower would soon be transplanted into the region where sorrow could not again blight its bloom.

It was not until the next morning that Amy was sufficiently recovered to tell her mother her short and simple story. How she had loved, how trusted even when months had passed and brought no token of remembrance from him to whom she had given her whole heart. How at length like a dark shadow doubts of his truth began to gather round her—how she heard rumors of his attentions to another, which at first she cast from her as treason against all that was noble and good in man. How doubt by degrees settled into conviction, until it at last life seemed robbed of all that gave it value. How when she first began to waver in her trust (and ah! how long it is before a deeply loving nature can believe its trust a vain one!) she had ventured to enclose in a blank envelope a faded forget-me-not, which he had given her on that memorable evening in Mrs. Granville's garden, but it had brought no response, no sign of remonstrance from him. How each day for many, many weary months she had risen from her sleepless bed, cheered by the vain hope of seeing him, and each night had lain her aching brow upon her pillow, with dark and dull despair creeping closer and closer round her heart. How she had wearied of her employments, how even the fair face of nature seemed one vast, cheerless blank to her, how she forgot her duties, her pleasures, her very prayers in the one weary, wasting expectancy of tidings of her beloved.

"I saw, dear mother," she concluded, "that you thought me ill, I knew that the doctor could not tell what was the matter with me, I knew that I was growing weaker and thinner, and paler every day, and I was glad that it was so, for I wanted to die. Nay, do not cry so, mother, I wish it still, though now I feel how weak and sinful I have been in my idolatry. You must pray for me, mother—we will both pray that I may be forgiven, and made fit for the great change that must soon come upon me."

But Mrs. Gray could not give up her child without an effort to save her life. The physician advised a change of air, and as her aunt and uncle were most urgent that Mr. and Mrs. Gray should come to them, and place Amy under the care of their own medical adviser, they at once prepared to convey the pale sufferer to the hospitable abode that had before received her in all the radiance of her early beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

"———Sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on her."

We now return for a while to Clarence Seymour, whom we left half repentant of his heartless conduct toward Amy, and half persuaded by his mercenary companion, Mr. Sedly, of the expediency of making his bow to the wealthy heiress, who had already distinguished him by her favor. Clarence was vain, selfish, extravagant, and fond of pleasure. He had been captivated at first by Amy's beauty and simplicity, and the unfeigned happiness with which she received the avowal of love which rushed from his heart to his lips, even before he was aware of what he was uttering, had made a deeper impression on the worldly minded man of fashion than he cared to acknowledge—even to himself.

A hundred times during the course of his heartless wooing of the heiress he neither loved nor esteemed, did he feel tempted to give up a pursuit from which his better nature revolted, and throw himself at the feet of the only woman for whom he had felt a sentiment of real love. But then his poverty—his love of pleasure, of show, of fashion, of ease, must all be sacrificed. He must live, as Sedly represented it to him, as a galley slave at the oar, in order to put dread into the mouths of his family—and the selfish indolent man of fashion shrunk from the sacrifice.

Sedly chanced to be present when Clarence received the enclosure by which Amy hoped, without compromising her dignity, to recall the wandering heart of her lover, and so powerful was the appeal that Sedly almost feared his victim would have escaped him.

To do justice to Mr. Sedly, we must say that he believed himself to be doing right. That according to the code by which he was governed, he was acting the part of a true friend, in preventing Clarence, in a moment of enthusiasm, from throwing himself away on a poor country girl, when a wealthy and fashionable heiress (to whose sister he had just been united) was to be had for the asking; and, as we have seen, Sedly succeeded in his plans. Clarence wedded the heiress, and the honeymoon had not passed before he discovered—as all do sooner or later who build on a foundation of falsehood—that he had made a great mistake, and taken to his home a proud, imperious and selfish mistress, instead of a gentle, a loving and beloved wife, such as his heart still whispered, Amy Gray would have been to him.

A violent altercation had just taken place between the newly married pair. It was just six weeks from their wedding day—and Clarence had shut himself in his private apartment, and was pacing the floor, cursing bitterly his own cupidity which had fettered him with a chain he loathed, when Dr. X—— was announced as wishing to see him on business, and a few moments afterward the gentleman entered the room.

"I have come, Mr. Seymour, on a painful errand," he said. "Miss Gray is in town, at her uncle's, extremely ill, and has expressed a strong desire to see you."

"Miss Gray—Amy Gray!—strange. I was this moment thinking of her. She is ill, you say—not seriously so, I hope."

"She has probably but a few days to live. Her disease is one of those mysterious ones which so often baffle our medical skill—a total prostration of all the vital energies, the result of excessive and protracted nervous excitement acting upon a frame naturally delicate."

"My God!" exclaimed Clarence, excessively agitated, "and the cause, doctor—the cause?—speak it out—I can bear it."

"You seem already, Mr. Seymour, to have anticipated my communication. From herself I have learned nothing. But her mother, whom of course I questioned closely as to the origin of her daughter's malady, informed me that she had believed herself engaged to a gentleman here, whose subsequent neglect preyed upon her health. My own observations at the time, and the recollection of a conversation at Mrs. W——'s dinner-table, supplied what was wanting in her very guarded statement. To-day Mrs. Gray enquired if I knew you, and added that Amy could not die in peace without having seen you. I objected to the interview as being too agitating in her present weak state, but she implored so earnestly to be allowed to look upon you, if not to speak to you, that I could not oppose her wish. Another instance of the ruling passion strong in death, Mr. Seymour."

"And is it a heart like this that I have thrown from me, crushed and broken!" said Clarence, seizing his hat, and scarcely waiting for the doctor as he rushed from the house.

All was still in the spacious chamber of Mrs. C——'s splendid mansion, where Amy Gray, in her youth and loveliness, had laid down to die. Mrs. Gray was watching by her child's bedside as Clarence entered, but she withdrew to a distant part of the room as he advanced with noiseless step toward [illegible] Amy was apparently sleeping, and Clarence [illegible] There she lay like a [illegible] still beautiful face, folded upon her bosom, and nothing but [illegible] quick breathings disturbing the death-like picture. The strong man's heart was bowed within him, and he covered his face and wept in all the bitterness of an unavailing repentance.

At length Amy opened her languid eyes, and a gleam of happiness irradiated her face as she said, as calmly and as composedly as though she had seen him but a day before, "Mr. Seymour, this is kind, indeed," and she stretched forth her thin, pale hand to his.

"Amy, my Amy!—can you forgive me?" said Clarence in a broken voice.

"I do," said Amy, looking upward, "even as I hope to be forgiven. But tell me, Clarence, tell me truly—for all is over now—did you ever love me, or was it all delusion—a sweet though fatal dream? My mother says your vows were false when given, but I cannot believe it. You loved me once!—it was necessity—it was poverty that separated us?"

"As there is truth above, I never loved but you. Oh, Amy! I have sold myself for wealth—and I am wretched as I deserve to be."

"May God forgive you, Clarence!—my fate is happy when compared with yours. I go where all is love—all truth. For you, Clarence, I once forgot even my Maker—but that is past and gone. Forgive my troubling you to come to me, but I longed to look once more upon you, and learn from your own lips that it was not *all* falsehood." And Amy, completely exhausted, closed her eyes, and motioned him to depart.

A few hours after, just as the last rays of the setting sun were lingering in the chamber of the dying, Amy's gentle spirit went to rest. But there seemed no rest, no peace for the unhappy Clarence. Dissatisfied with himself, his home, his wife and all about him, he is a morose, unhappy man; but he still cherishes the faded forget-me-not, his first and last gift to Amy Gray, and often when dwelling on their final interview, he exclaims,—"she may well say her fate is happier than mine! She died of a broken heart—it is far harder to have to *live* with one."

Who indeed would exchange the fate of the victim for that of him who strikes the blow?

THE REJECTION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S SUIT.—A story has been circulated in relation to the rejection of the suit of Louis by a young lady of Philadelphia when he was in this country. A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun who appears to be familiar with the fact, says:

The lady alluded to in Philadelphia, was the late aunt to Lady Ashburton, and sister to her mother Mrs. B., whose husband was a Senator in the United States. At his house I often met with the Prince. I learned from Mrs. B. that he had a passion for her sister, and it is possible she may have returned it, but this was never mentioned. Agreeably to European custom, he applied to her father, the late venerable President of the first bank of the United States, for his consent to address her. The old gentleman, at the head of respectable society in Philadelphia, and a widower at the time, objected to the match, saying that he felt the honor of such an application, but that the disparity of rank was such, that should he consent to his marriage with his daughter, and afterwards (which he had no doubt might be the case) if he was permitted to return to France and resume his rank, he might be compelled by his peculiar situation, as of the royal blood of France, to repudiate his daughter, to comply with obligations to ally himself to higher rank abroad; and therefore as he would prefer his daughter marrying an American of her own standing in society, he must decline the honor of so distinguished an alliance. On receiving this answer, the Duke of Orleans had the good sense to approve of the sentiment, though opposed to his passion; and the lady herself, like a dutiful daughter, submitted to the decision of her father, thought evidently disposed to favor the suit of the Prince.

☞ Never rub your back against a whitewashed wall. People do not pay to have the whitewash put on their walls that you may carry it off on your back.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1846.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We often see people ambitious of being witty yet few things are so rare, or so dangerous as wit. Where one man is able to be really witty, a dozen will make the attempt and fail. Wit has the name of being sudden, yet the greatest wits elaborate their best sayings in secret, and then go out into society to pronounce them. Sheridan, the wittiest man of his day, always pursued this practice, and would wait a whole evening for an opportunity to bring in his witticism with effect. Among his papers, after his death, were found the rough drafts of several of his most witty parliamentary speeches; and it is curious to remark how he improved, by infinite toil and correction, an originally common-place, until it glittered into an epigram. Some of his witty sentences, now so famous, were re-written a dozen times.

Nothing is so contemptible as the sceptacle of a man, who in his abortive efforts to be witty, becomes only a chattering fool. To hear bad puns—to listen to pointless epigrams—or to see stupid jokes played off as rare fun, is a sight from which our readers, as well as ourselves, have suffered in the infliction. A good pun occasionally is delightful; but to hear a man continually crucifying the language, is an outrage on our sensibilities. The inveterate punster, however, is better than your practical joker, who makes a fool and harlequin of himself by turns. We once saw a man at an entertainment offer refreshments to a stranger, asking him if he wished any; and when the stranger extended his hand for the dish, the would be joker jerked it away, saying, with a laugh, "then go and get some." Now this was rudeness instead of wit. The same may be said of all practical jokes, which should never be attempted except among intimate friends, and even there they are childish and stupid.

Real wit consists not in punning, which depends on the analogy of words, but in detecting analogies between ideas so dissimilar that the analogy seems ludicrous. Thus Hudibras is witty when he says of sunrise.—

> "And like a *lobster boiled*, the sun
> From *black* to *red* began to turn."

But wit is dangerous. When personal in its application it should be confined to the forum or Senate—it makes more enemies than friends, and at best obtains us fear instead of love. The only harmless wit is that to which we last referred, but then the comparison should never be applied to a person, or to any public affairs. To render a man ridiculous, or bring into contempt his party or religion, is a sign of a bad heart and of worse manners.

The Foreign News, which we give at some length, in another column, is unexpectedly quite favorable to a continuance of peace: at least the English Minister deals in expressions of the most amicable kind, and disavows the conduct of Mr. Pakenham in refusing the 49th parallel. The wish of this Government is also for peace, and these amicable words are not without value: but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that England has not yet made any *definite* proposal for the settlement of this difficulty; and whether we shall have peace or war, must, after all, depend on the character of such a proposal.

We do not wish to alarm our readers. But it would be criminal to mislead them. Has England, as yet, signified any intention to adjust the Oregon difficulties on better terms than this? Sir Robert and the lords say that Pakenham did wrong in rejecting the 49th parallel; he only regrets that the Minister did not send the proposition home: when, if rejected, a new one might have been made by the British Government. From our English papers we derive the conclusion that the English public imagines we will settle the difficulty by opening the Columbia and fixing the 49th degree as the boundary. This is the real state of the question. The free navigation of the Columbia is the great point at issue. Will we surrender it? What is the public sentiment in the United States? The negotiation might be closed to-morrow, if our people were willing to accept these terms; but if they are not then the question is still far from being adjusted. In this latter case we ought not to trifle. England, in the face of her pacific assurances, is increasing both army and navy. What are we doing? We throw out these sentiments for our readers to think upon; they already know how much we deprecate a war, unless in the necessary defence of violated rights or honor.

Snow-storms have prevailed lately all over the country. The great storm of Saturday week not only ravaged the Atlantic Coast, but swept over the Great West. At Cincinnati and Louisville it was the heaviest of the season. At Pittsburg the snow was fifteen inches deep. On Thursday, of last week, another snow-storm visited our city, when even more snow fell than on the preceding Saturday. The snow in the upper part of New York State, is four feet deep. On Wednesday, of the present week, snow fell again in Philadelphia. Take it all in all this winter has beheld the heaviest snows known for many years.

> "We ne'er shall see its like again."

Our paper, for to-day, is unusually well stored with agreeable reading. The engraving on the last page is almost too fine to look well, unless printed more slowly than our edition will allow. It is still, however, legible enough to raise a laugh, and that is all we ask for. No man is the worse for being merry!

ANOTHER WRECK.

We have to record another melancholy disaster at sea, by which forty-five persons lost their lives. The British barque Ida, from Portsmouth, England, for St. John, was thrown on her beam ends in a gale on the 26th January, in 44 N. lon. 52 30 W. She afterwards righted, full of water. The captain then ordered the long boat to be got under the lee. The passengers then immediately rushed into her, promiscuously, followed by the captain and part of the crew to the number of forty-five. The painter parted, and the boat dropped astern. The land bore N. N. E., distant about thirty leagues by observation. The boat got about two cables length from the vessel, when she shipped a sea, filled, and all in her perished. The mate, nine men, and one young woman, remained on the wreck, in the tops, from Monday morning until Friday morning following, when they were taken off by the schooner Three Sisters, of Eden, where they were landed much frozen and in destitute circumstances.

GEN. MORRIS' PAPER.

We have received the first number of "The National Press and Journal for Home," published by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, of New York. It is a very beautiful sheet, and well filled with excellent matter. Few men have better taste or more tact as the editor of a literary journal than Gen. Morris, and, as we prophesied in noticing its prospectus, this new paper is destined to be widely and deservedly popular. We are always glad to welcome new enterprises: for there is room and to spare for all. Only let the newspaper be good, and subscribers will not be wanting. At least such is the result of our own experience of three and twenty years!

BURMAH OPENED.

Letters have been received from Burmah, stating that the King of Ava is dethroned, after putting to death nearly all the officers of his court. Prince Mekord has been appointed regent. This will throw Burmah open again to the missionaries. We hear that the venerable Mr. Judson will sail thither in June.

THE SQUAN PIRATES.

Further accounts of the shipwreck of the John Minturn, on Squan Beach, add to the horrors of that melancholy disaster. It now appears that every soul on board might have been saved, but for the criminal indifference of the spectators on shore. Some strong charges have also been brought against the inefficiency of the wreck-master. It is indeed strange that a crowd of human beings could wait one entire day on the shore and behold unmoved thirty fellow creatures crying for aid from the wreck; and the strangeness of the affair is increased when we learn that, immediately after the sufferers disappeared forever, the spectators boarded the ship and began the work of plunder. We had supposed the Barnegat pirates extirpated, but the following account of the wreck, copied from the N. Y. Herald, proves the contrary. We feel ashamed of humanity when we peruse this statement.

"The pilot, Mr. Freeborn, was indefatigable in his endeavors to save the ship and lives, but he split a new main-topsail and fore-topsail in trying to keep off shore, and all the head sails being crippled, was compelled to attempt to run her ashore. He squared the yards and braced her for the beach. She struck on the outer bar, and the second blow broke her back. She forged ahead about two lengths and then brought up. Exertion was made by the captain and mates to send a boat ashore with a heavy line. The first boat was stove. The yawl was tried with better success; but the current carried her far to the southward, and the line was too short. They could not pay out from aboard, and as the boat was in the undertow, in the surf, they had to cut the line to save their lives. The loss of the rope was truly disastrous—for, although it was in broad daylight, no entreaty could induce the Jerseymen to try to board her, although two of the seamen immediately offered to attempt to return with the surfmen.

"Unfortunately, the former efficient wreckmaster, John S. Forman, has been removed from office and a man with little skill, and less energy, has his place. At ten o'clock there were many big-boned Jerseymen on the beach, and all on board had good hopes. The pilot, Freeborn, who thought the men on shore were human, cheered all hands by his encouraging voice and manner. Hour after hour passed—some of the sufferers, stout men, dying from time to time—but still there was no succor, and yet Freeborn was on the alert, active in the cause of humanity—sheltering with his own clothes, and all he could gather, the women and children.

"Capt. Stark, from a warmer latitude, soon became benumbed, and all hands gathered on the fore-top-gallant forecastle, and on the foremast. Four o'clock came; it was low tide, and the surf abated—but no boat was sent off by the wreckmaster. Night came on, and the stoutest were appalled. The tide rose and the ship broke up rapidly. The top-gallant forecastle gave way, and Capt. Stark, with Freeborn, the women and children, all fell into the forward part of the ship, the broken timbers were tossed about for a moment, and the shrieks of the dying ceased. Some of those on other parts of the broken ship were washed ashore with life. Thus perished Thomas Freeborn, and with him thirty-seven others.

"It is the opinion of the seamen saved, that no lives would have been lost, if proper exertion had been used on the shore. When Mr. Forman was wreckmaster, he drew a surf boat several miles, at a gallop with horses, and saved the lives on the Austrian brig Astros, when the thermometer was 9 degrees below zero. On this occasion, the excuse was that there was no surf boat near. But it is in proof that the crew of the New Jersey were saved at the same time by a good boat's crew.

"As night came on, the wreckmaster offered ten dollars for every life that could be saved, but the useless boat he presented debarred all hope. He had but little command of his men, for, although he set guards on the ship, she was boarded that night, and every passenger's trunk, and seaman's chest, was cut or broken open and pillaged. The captain's chronometer was stolen, with about $1,000 in gold, which he had put in it, and locked and strapped securely. The box was found with the strap cut, and the chronometer and gold were missing. A carpenter, who had three hundred dollars in gold, strapped on his body, stayed on board, to try and save his sick brother. He was drowned, and his dead body was robbed; for only $115 are reported as having been found upon him by the wreckmaster.

"Pork, lard, and wrecked goods are being stolen at all points,—and yet, they impudently charge the men saved seventy-five cents for a bite of victuals, and steal their clothing for pay. One tavern-keeper treated the sufferers humanely. His name is Finley, and to him the men are truly grateful. At one house, in coming up, the proprietor would give nothing to eat, and charged twenty-five cents (all the money the sailors had,) for ten crackers. The captain of the Shrewsbury boat treated them kindly."

This account is fully substantiated by others, especially by one in the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, taken down from the statement of Sampson King, seaman, one of the thirteen saved from the wreck. He says the ship struck between nine and ten on Sunday morning, and was at that time, not three lengths from the shore. Subsequently, as the cargo washed out of her, she was driven still nigher. Yet it was not till ten o'clock at night that any persons from the shore boarded her. Seven persons were then found alive on the wreck, of whom King was one. The rest had perished through cold, though a bold exertion would have saved every one. The cowardly ... never again, we trust, may we be called on to record conduct so disgraceful to humanity.

MUTES CAN SPEAK.

Considerable interest has of late been excited by the successful attempts to make mutes speak. Dr. Bartlett, writing from Vienna, says that mutes are there taught to speak with considerable facility. He describes the process thus:—"It will be sufficient for me to say, that the pupil, by placing his hands or fingers on the throat of the teacher, so as to feel the voice, and then by placing them on his own for the same purpose,—by imitating the motions of the teacher's lips and tongue and jaws—and by similar means comes at last to utter the elementary sounds. He is then carried along from the easier and simpler elements of speech to their more difficult and complex combinations until, finally, as I witnessed in several cases, he is enabled to speak with a readiness and distinctness sufficient for all the daily and important purposes of life. It is hardly necessary for me to say, that as they have no hearing to guide them, there can be neither musical modulation nor expressive accent in their speech; but I was agreeably surprised at the general absence of every thing positively disagreeable or offensive. You will be satisfied that they can be taught to speak distinctly enough, when I tell you, that at Berlin, I understood at once and without difficulty, the short and simple sentences of a little girl in answer to her teacher. He asked her first how many brothers and sisters she had, to which she readily answered, and then gave their names. She then told him the color of the table, its shape,—saying it *is not round, it is square*,—the kind of wood of which it was made, and so on."

MIRTH AND WOE.

Mr. Hudson, in one of his lectures the other night, said that mirth was often the result of sorrow and despair, and instanced the jests of Sir Thomas More, when going to the scaffold. This is a fact little considered, yet both our own hearts and the example of others show its truth. Cowper wrote his "John Gilpin" in a fit of despondency. Who has not often laughed, from very bitterness of heart? We have often thought, though we have never found any man before Mr. Hudson to express the idea, that the cheerfulness which many historical personages are said to have shewn on the scaffold, was only a hysterical merriment, the insane child of despair. No one who reads Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," for instance, can doubt that poor Anne Boleyn's levity, on the day of her death, was hysterical. We once saw a French picture representing Lady Jane Gray disrobing on the scaffold; the expression of the face was resigned, but it was the wild resignation of grief; exhaustion following a struggle of hope and despair; a face, beautiful yet sorrowful, smiling but ghastly, such a face indeed as haunts us even yet and makes every nerve shudder to think upon. That face was a jest wrung from agony. As it looked so must More or Anne Boleyn have looked when they made merry on the scaffold.

FOR WINE DRINKERS.

A city chemist in New York not long since analysed a bottle of imported champaigne, sold as pure, and found in it one quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead. A writer in the Observer states that a liquor dealer admitted to him that on one occasion he purchased of a country merchant a lot of whiskey, and, before the merchant left the city, sold him back a part of it manufactured into various kinds of wine, at from one to five dollars per gallon, taking care to supply his orders for "communion wine" at five dollars per gallon, to save appearances.

A FISH STORY.

The New Bedford Mercury tells a story "very like a whale," though we have no doubt the tale is true. It seems that the whaling ship Sarah, lately took a 100 bbls. sperm whale, in the blubber of which was found the head and about a foot of the shank of a harpoon marked "Lyra"—"undoubtedly," says the Mercury, "belonging to the ship Lyra, of this port, which vessel sailed hence July 3, 1828, and was lost in August, 1829, on a reef near Oahu."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

This celebrated pianist made his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience on Saturday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. The assembly comprised a large portion of the fashion and musical taste of the city. We should hardly have told De Meyer that his expectations of disappointment was, by no means, ... On his entrance he was greeted with applause, and during the performance of his first piece, the most breathless attention was bestowed on him; but when he stopped, a tempest of applause broke forth as if by one impulse, that fairly shook the house. The most eminent of our musical critics acknowledge that his performances surpass anything ever before heard in this city. For ourselves, making no pretensions to a knowledge of music sufficient to enable us to be good critics, we can only express our pleasure in hearing De Meyer, and annex the following remarks on his style from a competent writer in the Pennsylvanian: "De Meyer, as a pianist, is a wonderful combination of the rarest qualities. Amid the torrents of sound that he elicits, and with all the miraculous agility of hand that he displays, a soul of refined sensibility governs; and to his orchestral masses and groupings, if we may thus attempt to describe them, which are used to heighten picturesque effects, and to adorn the beautiful by the resources of artistic contrast, he adds the faculty of the most touching expression. He addresses himself as much, if not more, to the heart than to the other senses; and while the hearer is startled for the moment, by the surges of harmony which at times go rolling upward like a sea, the wave is still crested with sparklings of the most brilliant light, and subsides either into a playful sportiveness that charms the ear, or into those subduing melodies which seem to divest the soul of earth-born cares, and to lift it to a purer atmosphere. It reads, no doubt, like exaggeration to use language like this in reference to an instrumental performance; for it is not often that such emotions are derived from the union of the varied powers of musical art; but we are convinced that all who have listened to De Meyer will agree with us in saying that it would be difficult to run into excess in commendation of his triumphs in the concert-room; and we may add likewise that the appreciation of his merits to which we now refer, is not confined alone to trained and skilful musicians, or to those who have been all their lives accustomed to music of the higher order. It appeared, on Saturday evening, to be the general feeling of the audience, that De Meyer's performances, with their many claims to the admiration of the scientific, are likewise essentially popular, and are not to be heard without delight by any who possess the faculty of musical perception."

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

We gave, last week, a table of the foreign countries to which we exported and from which we imported goods. We now give a table showing the articles we export, and import, with their value. The table is compiled for the year ending June 30th, 1845, and has been digested from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The aggregate imports of foreign merchandise for the year, were as follows:

Free of duty,	$22,147,840	
Paying duty,	95,106,724	
		$117,254,564

Of which were re-exported:

Free of duty,	$10,175,860	
Paying duty,	5,171,731	
		$15,346,830

Of the foreign merchandise imported, the principal articles, were as follows:

Manufactures of cotton,	$13,863,282
Manufactures of wool,	10,666,176
Manufactures of flax,	4,923,149
Manufactures of hemp,	897,345
Manufactures of iron and steel,	5,077,789
Unmanufactured iron and steel,	3,065,611
Hemp and cordage,	234,819
Silks,	9,938,411
Earthen, stone and china ware,	2,439,545
Wines,	1,478,186
Spirits,	1,191,120
Molasses,	3,154,782
Teas,	5,761,789
Coffee,	6,243,532
Sugar,	4,780,720
Salt,	898,663
Spices,	533,055
Lead,	517
Specie and bullion,	4,070,242

The exports for the year were:

Domestic produce, &c.	$99,299,776	
Foreign, as above,	15,346,830	
		$114,646,606

The following table will show the value of the principal articles of export:

Cotton,	$51,739,643
Tobacco leaf,	7,469,819
Rice,	2,160,456
Flour,	5,398,593
Pork, hogs, lard, &c.	2,991,284
Beef, cattle, hides, &c.	1,926,809
Butter and cheese,	878,865
Skins and furs,	1,248,355
Fish,	1,012,067
Wood [illegible]	10,329,701
Specie and bullion,	8,606,495

To the following countries our exports exceed the imports, viz:—Great Britain and dependencies, Netherlands and do., Denmark and do., Hanse Towns, Hayti, Central America, and Chili. From the following, the imports exceed the exports, viz: France and dependencies, Spain and do., Sweden and do., Portugal and do., China, Russia, Italy, Mexico, Venezuela, New Grenada, and Ecuador, Brazil, Argentine, and Cisplatine Republics, and Texas.

TONNAGE.

	Cleared.	Entered.
American vessels, tons,	2,053,977	2,035,486
Foreign vessels,	930,275	910,563
	2,984,252	2,946,049

TERRIER'S TENACITY.

The tenacity of a terrier dog's hold is proverbial. But we think we never heard of its being so well exemplified as lately in New York. A drove of cattle was passing up the Bowery, when a bull-terrier jumped from the top of a stage on which he was chained, in front of the Theatre, broke his chain in the fall to the ground, dashed into the herd, and seized a young steer by the nose. The affrighted bullock, smarting with pain, went off at full speed up the Bowery, with the dog clinging to his nose, and all the time swinging clear of the ground. The steer would stop occasionally, and endeavor to rid himself of the ugly jewel in his snout, by dashing it on the ground, and against the walls, the posts, and the trees, in his course, but still the unterrified dog held his grip, and would neither be shaken, nor beaten off. The bullock kept on straight up the Bowery, with his head and tale high above the attitude of the heads and tails of "the common herd," until he was arrested at Vauxhall Garden by some men, who thought he had carried the joke—we should say, the dog—far enough, and who set about liberating the poor beast from the misery he seemed to be in, when to their utter astonishment, they ascertained that the *dog was dead!* The bullock, in his tremendous efforts to knock him off, had beaten the breath out of him, and though it is not known at what particular parts of the route the dog "resigned his spirit," yet it is certain that he did not relinquish the hold he first took in front of the Theatre, even after he had ceased to exist, but hung to the nose of the steer, a lifeless mass of bone and muscle, until he was taken off.

INDIAN AFFRAY.

A serious affray took place recently at Muskeday, Wisconsin, between a party of whites and a party of Winnebago Indians, which resulted in the death of four of the Indians. A small party of the Winnebago tribe of Indians stole a canoe belonging to a white. The owner of the canoe, in company with several of his neighbors, pursued the Indians and gave them a pretty severe drubbing. The Indians rallied, to what number not known, and met the whites again, who had secured a party of about forty, both sides provided with firearms. Upon meeting, the whites sent a messenger with a flag of truce, who was received with tokens of menace and defiance; the Indians then fired, wounding two whites, which upon being returned by the whites, resulted either in the death or wounding of four Indians. Thus ended the contest. An application was made to the Legislature to legalize the organization of a company of horse which the citizens had raised for their own protection, fearing a general attack by the tribe. A bill for their relief only passed the Council. Quiet, since, has been restored.

WAR IN SYRIA.

The disturbances in Syria appear to be over for the present. Letters from Beirout of Dec. 5, say quiet has been restored. Some 25,000 stand of arms have been taken from the Mountaineers, under the direction of Chehib Effendi, the Sultan's commissioner. This it was feared would not preserve order, as the people still have a quantity of arms concealed. The hatred between the Druses and Maronites is as deadly as ever, and a favorable opportunity only is wanted to kindle up anew the flames of war. The course pursued by the European powers is not, it is said, calculated to allay this hostile feeling. The French Government sides with the Maronites, and the English is supposed to have an equal influence over the Druses. The Sultan cannot govern the country without their aid.

HALIFAX EXPRESS.

This express, of which we spoke in our gossip of last week, is a proof of the boldness of American enterprise, and though the express was disbanded in New York and Philadelphia, it was only by a combination of accidents not to be foreseen. The express left Halifax almost immediately on the arrival of the steamer, and for the first one hundred and seventy miles travelled in a sleigh over roads where the snow was four feet deep; it then took a steamboat, in waiting below Annapolis, and passed on to Portland, Me., two hundred and eighty miles. From Portland the express was carried by locomotive to Boston, which place it reached about two hours before the steamer. The whole distance between Boston and Halifax was run in thirty-one hours—and could have been done much quicker had it not been for detentions to the steamboat caused by the ice below Annapolis! From Boston the express continued on to New York, taking the railroad by Worcester, Hartford and New Haven: and thence by horses, to New York. Two hours after it left Boston, however, the Cambria arrived, when a rival express was immediately started for New York, by way of the Long Island Railroad; and in consequence of an unforeseen detention on the part of the first express near Hartford, the latter one arrived first in New York. Thus the Halifax express was beaten; but we are told that the persons engaged in running it, intend to try the same route again. As a specimen of the difficulties their agents had to surmount, we quote the following paragraph from the letter of the express-rider who carried the news from Halifax to Annapolis. He says:—

"My driver proved up to his trade, and soon we were forty miles on our way. You must remember that all this time the thermometer was at 12 below zero—so that our ride was pretty cool. We had a horn to blow and warn travellers of our approach, so as to clear the track, and also to give notice when we came to where changes of horses were to be made. Beyond Windsor the road was hardly broken, and we were frequently sent rolling among the drifts. One drift, worse than the rest, took the sleigh-body completely off, leaving us the runners only. My driver then took one, and I the other runner, and thus we rode ter the last fifty miles—a picturesque sight truly, but we thus got along with less difficulty than before."

FROM TEXAS.

Dates to the 10th ult. have been received from Galveston. Gov. Runnells, Collector of the Customs for the district of Texas, and inspector of the revenue for the port of Galveston, gives notice that *Galveston is the only port of entry in Texas*, and that consequently all arrivals from foreign ports must be reported there, and all duties on importations must be paid at that port only. There are between thirty and fifty houses—brick and frame—going up in Galveston. Property has advanced in the city 50 per cent. within the last six months. According to the Civilian, it would appear that near six thousand emigrants arrived at that place within the ten months ending on the 1st of January last.

A report had reached Corpus Christi to the effect that Chihuahua and some of the adjoining States had declared their independence to the Mexican Government, and are determined to maintain a separate confederacy. Capt. Mansfield, and Lieut. Scarritt, of the Corps of Engineers, are now engaged in surveying the bays and inlets between Corpus Christi and Matagorda. A private letter from Corpus Christi states that Capt. John R. Baker was attacked by a party of United States soldiers, on the 1st inst., and severely injured. The wounds which Capt. B. had received at the attack of the Mexican guard at Sallado, are said to have been greatly lacerated, and the dangerous bayonet wound in his side (from which he had but partially recovered) was so badly injured that it was attended with a copious discharge of blood. The writer does not state what was the cause of this cruel treatment.

San Antonio is rapidly being improved and rebuilt. After years of doubt and uncertainty, the inhabitants now see their way clear, and are improving the beautiful and healthy town to a great degree.

NARROW ESCAPE.

A narrow escape from death is narrated in the Clearfield Banner of the 11th inst. It seems that a family of the name of Coupler, located last spring on the new turnpike between Clearfield and Luthersburg. On Sunday, the 1st inst., a deer was chased past their door by a dog, and not being an experienced hunter, the old man took after it, followed by his sons—one aged about eight and the other ten years. After following the deer for some time, they started for home, as they thought, but travelled on until night without coming to any place they could recognize. When night came, they broke brush, gathered bark, &c., and spent the night with... out fire. ... was not able to go any further, and the father wrapped him in such clothes as he could spare, and left him under a log, and started with the other lad to find his way out of the forest. After travelling the whole day, strange as it may appear, in the evening they returned to the place they had stayed the night previous—but what were the feelings of the old man, when he discovered that this boy whom he had left there to die, as he supposed, was gone. Here they spent Monday night, and on Tuesday morning about ten o'clock, they reached the turnpike about two miles from home. But what of the other boy? He was found by the neighbors who were on the hunt on Monday evening, insensible, and badly frost-bitten. They were all badly frozen, but the oldest of the boys much the worst.

Those who were on the search are of the opinion that they travelled all the time in a circle, and sometimes approaching within a very few rods of the road. It was well that the weather was moderate—for they were but thinly clad, in a deep snow, without fire, and among the highest ridges in our country.

SLAVE REVOLT.

A desperate revolt broke out on the 13th inst., among the slaves on the plantation of Messrs. Hewett, Heran & Co., about ten miles from New Orleans, during which two of them were shot dead and a number dangerously wounded. One of the slaves was being whipped for some offence, when the remainder, seventy in number, stopped work, and rushed on their overseers, with the cry of "Now let's kill them all—liberty or death!" A number of white persons were wounded with the hoes of the slaves. The slaves from an adjoining plantation came to the assistance of their masters, and did efficient service in protecting their lives. A number of the revolters fled to the woods, but the remainder were secured and placed in confinement. A party were in pursuit of the fugitives at the last accounts.

Another account, however, describes the affair as no revolt, but only a refusal of one slave to work. He attacked the overseer with an axe, and was then shot. This statement is said to be based on a letter received from Mr. Hewett himself.

IMMENSE HOTEL.

Some incorrect statements having been published respecting the business done at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, the Picayune has been at the pains to gather authentic statistics respecting that immense establishment. It appears there are now no less than five hundred and two regular boarders, besides one hundred and seventy employés, servants, &c., &c.—near 700 in all within the walls of the building. This would form quite a village in the country.

The daily consumption of some of the principal articles of food is as follows: 500 lbs. fresh beef, 150 lbs. mutton, 24 turkies, 50 chickens, 30 pairs wild ducks, 30 dozen robins or other small birds, 120 lbs. ham, 6 to 10 thousand oysters, 120 to 130 dozen eggs, 75 gallons milk, 350 loaves bakers bread, 50 lbs. coffee, 10 lbs. tea, 225 lbs. sugars, 6 bbls. potatoes, 75 lbs. salt beef and pork, besides any quantity of venison, bear, grouse, and other items entirely "too dubious to mention," as they say in the advertisements.

AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

Letters from Canada speak in such terms of passing events as to lead to the conclusion that there is a preparation for hostilities now being made there quietly but extensively. It is rumored that Lord Cathcart has received instructions to expend one million of pounds sterling in works of fortifications and defences, and it would seem that that amount or more will be expended in payment for the works just finished or under contract. The subject of reorganization of the militia will be mooted, it is thought, as soon as possible after the assembling of the Provincial Parliament on the 20th of March next.

NEW INVENTION.

The Mississippians have hit upon a plan to make *men*, which beats out entirely *galvanism* in *the shoes*. The Reformer gives, as a part of the Legislative proceedings, the following paragraph:—Saturday, January, 17.—Mr. Guion presented a memorial praying the passage of an act making W. F. P. Griffin, minor, a man, referred to a committee.

CURIOUS CASE.

We learned, last summer, a case of suspected murder in the neighborhood of Ithaca, N. Y., which attracted much attention. A Mr. Ruloff, living near Ithaca, was suspected of causing the death of his wife and child, who disappeared in June; Ruloff himself departed, at about the same time, taking with him a wooden chest, about three feet and a half long, by fourteen inches wide and deep. He was pursued and arrested at Cleveland. He gave many and contradictory accounts in reply to questions concerning his wife, some of which were investigated and found to be untrue. In short, from that day to this, no discovery has been made of her whereabouts if she is living, though she has been widely advertised, and other efforts to find her, or ascertain her fate have been made. Ruloff made no defence, except on the legal point, that not a particle of evidence, proving abduction or violence of any kind, had been adduced. It was shown that he was jealous of his wife, and under the influence of this jealousy had sometimes treated her harshly. He was convicted of forcible abduction, and sentenced to the State Prison for ten years—still refusing to give any information.

IMPORTANT ARREST.

It will be recollected by our readers that, on the 22d of October last, the Express of Livingston & Wells was robbed of a trunk containing about $35,000, which was stolen from one of the cars at Rochester; and since then, one of the active robbers, viz: Dr. Hatch has been arrested, and is now in prison at Rochester for trial. The coadjutor of Hatch, a man named Charles D. Morris, alias Morgan, who had escaped to Baltimore on the arrest of Hatch, becoming alarmed, fled to the West, and recently proceeded to the Northern part of Indiana, about twenty miles from the Ohio line, and took up his residence in a private house as a boarder. Having been indicted in New York, officer A. M. C. Smith, with Mr. George E. Pomeroy, set out with a requisition from the Governor, to find Morris, whom the eye of the Police had traced. Travelling night and day, officers Smith and Pomeroy succeeded in finding and arresting the said Morris at his boarding house, and arrived in New York with him on Monday night at a late hour. On Tuesday morning they proceeded with him to Rochester, to be tried for the offence he is charged to have committed.

DANGEROUS SAFE.

The Rothschilds', of France, are said to have, for their strong box, a safe of peculiar and perilous construction. If a person attempts the lock, or tampers with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same instant a bell is struck in a room over head, occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is required in the room below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in fifteen minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the tresspasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed fifteen minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. It is told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers, and the watchman came to his release only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged. A man caught once, by such a machine, would care little to explore its mysteries a second time.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Dr. Page, of the Patent Office at Washington, has after several years of application to the subject, completed a machine which is propelled by a galvanic battery. It is believed that the motive power can be increased so as to move a steamship or railroad cars. The metals or acids it would consume, would cost about as much as coal, unless simplified by further improvement, but would be far preferable for various purposes, as fire could be dispensed with. Its great superiority for steamships on long voyages is, the materials of the new invention being so much more portable, and the danger from fire so much less. For the latter reason it would be far preferable in shops and factories, where combustible materials are all about. It would be first-rate for a printing-press, or for any machinery where small power is required, as the apparatus would occupy but a small space. It will run for many hours without any tending, whereas steam requires one or more hands constantly employed in feeding the fire.

FROM MEXICO.

We have intelligence, by way of Havana, from the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz. The dates are to the 31st ult., ten days later than the previous advices. According to these accounts, Paredes remains in the undisturbed enjoyment of the power which his military force acquired for him; and his course and conduct seem to make it appear that as far as regards the good government of the country, and the honorable conduct of the government, the power could not have fallen into better hands.

All accounts of revolution, subversive of his authority, which date prior to the 31st of January are falsified by the intelligence we have received. No movement up to that date was made, or even appears contemplated, against the power and authority of Paredes.

CHINA PAINTING.

We saw, the other day, some beautiful specimens of China painting and gilding, done by Messrs. Dubouchet & Lavancourt, No. 204 Walnut St. The specimens shown equalled the finest French patterns. We would call the attention of dealers in china to these artists, who are prepared to execute all orders in a style hitherto unknown in the United States. It may be as well to state that Messrs. D & L paint on English as well as French china, in the most elegant as well as the most durable manner. We are pleased to record every new improvement in the arts introduced into this country, and record this as one highly creditable to the experienced gentlemen who have embarked in it.

DANGEROUS FALL.

The upper span of the bridge upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Elysville, about eighteen miles from Baltimore, gave way on Thursday morning week, during the transit of one of the tonnage trains, precipitating the engine and eight cars into the river. No life was lost, and but one of the men upon the train, a Mr. Bizzard, was injured. He had his arm badly crushed, so as to render amputation necessary. This bridge has for some time been undergoing repair, and the late freshet, by removing the supports from under the span that fell, left it in a comparatively unprotected state.

HORRID DEATH.

In China, punishments of the most terrible character, are sometimes inflicted where the crime has been one of unusual atrocity. Lately at Hong Kong, a young man of loose habits, residing with his mother, who was greatly afflicted with rheumatism, neglected to take proper care of her. She reproached him with his neglect, and becoming infuriated he rushed upon and strangled her. For this horrible crime he has been sentenced to be cut into ten thousand pieces in the open market place. The sentence has been confirmed by the Emperor.

A FALSE RUMOR.

It was reported, last week, that the Cashier of the Manufacturer and Mechanics' Bank of Nantucket had gone South, being a defaulter to a large amount. Mr. Burnell, the suspected person, was at Washington when he heard the rumor, and immediately returned to Boston indignant at the charge, which he pronounces to be false. The Bank is said to be able to meet all its engagements. Furthermore, Mr. Burnell's private property is much greater than the alleged defalcation. Such a man would be insane, under such circumstances, to run away.

A HAPPY TURN.

Somebody has sent our witty, brother Chandler, of the U. S. Gazette, what we presume to be a night-cap, for which he thus felicitously returns thanks. "We are not allowed, we suppose, to guess even to whom we are indebted for a timely consideration, delicately manifested. But in the language of the seal motto, 'a friend in *need* is a friend indeed;' and we shall hold ourself the constant debtor to the fingers that have so delicately wrought in our behalf. The gift is placed *above* all others that we have ever received."

QUEBEC FIRE.

The total sum of money received as contributions in aid of the sufferers by the fire at Quebec, amounts to $748,225, of which $395,285 has been distributed.

MAHAN'S FASHIONS.

F. Mahan has just published his plate of Spring and Summer Fashions—a beautiful affair, and colored with unusual elegance.

PROFITABLE LINE.

The Western cars left Utica, New York, on Friday week, with *two* passengers, drawn by *three* locomotives.

HOW IT WORKS.

The jury in the case of Wyatt, tried for killing a keeper in the Auburn State Prison, who had flogged him, after being out twenty-eight hours, were unable to agree, and were discharged. Seven were for conviction and five for acquittal. Had not the keeper first flogged the man so severely, we fancy the jury would soon have agreed on a verdict.

Local Intelligence.

MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Dempster, the popular ballad singer, will give a Concert on Monday evening, in the Musical Fund Hall, when he will sing the "May Queen," a sort of lyrical drama, adapted from the exquisite poems of Alfred Tennyson. This musical composition comprises four different pieces, and the music changes to suit the theme. The "May Queen," as sung by Mr. D., is very popular, and we have no doubt will add much to the attractions of the concert. This is the last occasion, we understand, on which Mr. D. will appear before a Philadelphia audience prior to his departure for Europe.

☞ In the Criminal Court, on Monday, Judge Campbell passed sentence on a young man named Janvier, formerly clerk in the establishment of Barclay Lippincott, Market Street, for a libel. The circumstances are these:—When Janvier was discharged from the employ of Mr. Lippincott, where he was one of the principal clerks, and conversant with the affairs of the concern, he wrote a number of letters to merchants with whom Mr. Lippincott dealt, representing him to be in very embarrassed circumstances, and cautioning them how they gave him credit. When these transactions of the clerk reached the ear of the person injured, he commenced a prosecution for libel. The case has been pending for some months, and finally Janvier entered a plea of guilty. He came into Court yesterday, and was sentenced to an imprisonment of ten days and to pay the costs of prosecution.

☞ The anniversary of the birth of Washington was more generally observed on Monday than usual. The weather was delightful for the season, and Chesnut Street exhibited a brilliant display of the beauty and fashion of the city. The day was ushered in by a grand national salute from the guns at the Navy Yard. Christ's and St. Peter's Church bells were rung a merry peal, which were accompanied by many other bells throughout the city and districts. In the course of the day several military companies paraded, and the anniversary closed as it had opened, amid the firing of guns, the beating of drums and the pealing of bells.

☞ At a meeting of the friends of Sunday Schools, held on Monday evening last, in the Church on Washington Square, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Sunday School Union, one hundred libraries of Sunday School books, at ten dollars each, were pledged as a response to the appeal of the Rev. Mr. Chadlaw, in behalf of the destitute West.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

THIRTY DAYS LATER.

Owing to the enterprise of the daily newspapers of Philadelphia, we received the foreign news last week, thirty-six hours in advance of the mail. The Halifax express, after surmounting great difficulties, passed through Boston two hours before the arrival of the steamer, but owing to a delay near Hartford, Ct. did not reach New York until a rival express, over the Long Island road, had brought the news of the Cambria's arrival. The intelligence arrived at Philadelphia after a portion of our weekly edition was worked off, but we inserted a postscript with the news, immediately, in the remainder of the edition. This week we give the intelligence in fuller detail, to all our subscribers.

Cotton was down a little. Money was tight. Parliament had assembled. The Queen's message was entirely pacific. Expressions of regret are made that the difficulties between Great Britain and the United States, relative to Oregon, are yet unsettled.

FAVORABLE TO PEACE.

Both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell have, in Parliament, virtually condemned Mr. Pakenham for refusing the forty-ninth parallel. We copy from a London journal their speeches on this subject. "Lord John Russell referred, in his place in the House, to certain statements put forth in America, and had been reported to have been made to the Congress of the United States, which made it desirable that some explanation should be given on the subject. He had thought that the President of the United States had last year made declarations to Congress on this subject which were not conformable to the uses of civilized countries, or to the friendly relations of the two States; but it would appear, however, that a proposition for a compromise had been made from the President to Her Majesty's Government, and he (Lord John Russell) conceived that that proposition had changed the state of the question.

"The proposition itself might be satisfactory, or not satisfactory; but, having been made, it did appear to him to require a statement from those in authority in this country of the terms on which they would be satisfied to settle this question. That proposition, as he understood, had not been received by Her Majesty's Government, but had been declared to be totally inadmissable by our Minister in America. He (Lord John Russell) confessed he thought that was a hasty proceeding on the part of the representative of Her Majesty in the United States.

"But what he wished to ask was, whether the negotiations had re-commenced or were going on? He was not desirous that the papers should be presented to the House; he was willing to leave the negotiation in the hands of Her Majesty's Government until they could state that a satisfactory result had been attained, before he asked for any information of the particular state of the negotiations.

"He also asked Sir Robert Peel whether he proposed to lay on the table any papers explanatory of the ground upon which Her Majesty's Government thought it necessary to interfere with the warfare which has occurred in the States of the Rio de la Plata?

"Sir Robert Peel.—With reference to the question just put by the noble lord, I beg to say, that not foreseeing that he would put it, I am not at present prepared to give him an answer, and have therefore to crave that he will postpone his question until another time.

"On the subject of the Oregon territory, I have to state that a proposal was made by Mr. Buchanan, with the authority of the President of the United States, to Mr. Pakenham, and the proposal so made suggested a division of the territory.

"Whether or not the proposal ought to have been accepted, I cannot say. Mr. Pakenham thought that the terms proposed were so little likely to be acceptable, that he did not feel himself warranted in transmitting the proposal to the government at home; and on signifying this to Mr. Buchanan, the latter immediately stated that the proposal was withdrawn.

"This is the state of the negotiation at present, so far as I am informed, respecting the proposal submitted by Mr. Buchanan. I have the highest opinion of Mr. Pakenham; I have the greatest respect for his talents, and the greatest confidence in his judgment, yet I must say that it would have been better had he transmitted that proposal to the home government for their consideration, and if found in itself unsatisfactory, it might possibly have formed the foundation for a further proposal. (Hear.)

"Since that period this country has again repeated to the United States their offer of referring the matter to arbitration, but no answer has yet been received to the proposal so made."

ABOLITION OF CORN-LAWS.

Sir Robert Peel introduced to Parliament, on the 27th ult., his proposed measures for the Abolition of the Corn-Laws, and the fiscal regeneration of the country. In his speech he took an elaborate review of the fiscal condition of the country, and announced the reduction of duty on a number of articles which press upon the commercial and agricultural interests. He impressed upon the manufacturers the necessity of preparing for the advent of free trade, by giving whatever limited amount of protection they now enjoy from foreign competition in the shape of prohibitory duties; and the duties so imposed he announced his intention of reducing to a nominal amount. But this appeal to the manufacturers is useless; they have long since publicly repudiated the benefits of all protecting duties, have declared that they seek no aid beyond free scope for the exercise of their talents in the open markets of the world; and have often said in substance to the agriculturist, "do thou likewise." The timber duties are undergoing a revision, but into the details of the change he did not enter, reserving it for another day.

We can do little more than indicate in this place, currente calamo, the primary heads of the scheme. Sugar—that great article of Colonial produce, which next to the corn-laws, has been most violently assailed on account of the tenacity with which the Minister has clung in screening it from competition—is still to be more or less protected. But the duty on foreign free labor sugar is to be reduced 3s. 6d. per cent. The corn-laws he proposes to abolish totally and unconditionally, on the first of February, 1849—and in the mean time a modified sliding scale is to be substituted for the one at present in existence.

For instance, when the price of corn is under 38s., the duty will be 10s.; when above 48s. and under 49s., 9s. and so on, the duty declining 1s. with a rise in the price of 1s., until the price reaches 53s. when a permanent duty of 4s. is to take place. In order to propitiate the land-lord class, sums of money are to be advanced by Government for the improvement of agriculture. The law of settlement is to be altered, so that, after a servitude or residence of five years in the manufacturing districts, the peasant who has left the plough for the factory, must receive parochial aid, if he require it, from the place of his adoption, not the place of his nativity; the same with regard to his children and his widow. Moreover, the highway rates are to be re-modelled on a plan which is to save a tug at the agricultural purse; and various other charges, hitherto paid out of the country rates, such as the expense of convicted prisoners, of prosecutions at sessions, the education of work-house children, &c., are to be paid in future by the State.

In a word, the new scheme is as near an approximation to the principles of free trade as can be safely consistent with the policy of a country which has its credit to support, and the interest of an overwhelming national debt to pay. Sir Robert Peel has acknowledged the principle that duties out to be levied for revenue and not for protection, and his future policy, it is clear, will be directed to that end. But it would be too much to assume that he can carry out the new course of action on which he has now entered without a struggle, and a desperate struggle, too, with the powerful interests which believe themselves to be jeopardized. The protectionists are boiling with fury, and the language recently held in the House of Lords by the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham, indicate the fierce passions which sway the breasts of British landlords towards the most clear-headed, practical statesman of his age. Agriculture, they say, cannot exist without protection, but Peel says *it must* exist without it at the end of three years. He has pitted against him the aristocracy—at least the insolvent portion of it, who live from hand to mouth by their rents, and cannot submit to any diminution, however slight, even with permanent profit in prospective. This is not slight or contemptible opposition, but worse remains behind.

The ultra-free traders insist upon the repeal of the Corn-Laws being immediate. They treat with scorn the three years' grace to the land-lords, and maintain that justice can only be propitiated by instant concession. They talk about the plunder of the past, as amongst the reasons why they cannot tolerate robbery for the future. Thus arrayed, the hostile forces face each other with scowling front, and in the centre, stands Peel, looking gravely on, preserving a placid dignity in the midst of the onslaught from either party. In the House of Commons he is omnipotent—and however furiously the war may rage out of doors, it is believed that he will be enabled to carry his Tariff by a majority of eighty—certainly by more than fifty. When matters come to a crisis, and the free traders in the popular branch of the Legislature have to decide between sacrificing Peel and his plans, they will become, it is believed, less crotchety and more practical.

NEW DUTIES ON AMERICAN PRODUCE.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times says:—"The British Ministry propose to make important reductions on many of the articles exported from America to England." The most important alterations comprise—

	Previous Duty.	Reduced to
Bacon,	14s. per cwt.	Free.
Beef, fresh,	8s. "	Free.
" salted,	8s. "	Free.
Hay,	16s. per load.	Free.
Hides,	2s. per lb.	Free.
Meat,	8s. per cwt.	Free.
Pork,	8s. "	Free.
Buckwheat,	———	1s. per qr.
Candles, Tallow,	10s. per cwt.	5s. per cwt.
Cheese,	10s. 6d. "	5s. "
Clocks,	20 per cent.	10 per cent.
Hams,	14s. per cwt.	7s. per cwt.
Hops,	90s. "	45s. "
Indian Corn,	Heavy duty.	1s. per qr.
Rice,	9s. per cwt.	1s. "
Tallow,	3s. 2d. "	1s. per cwt.

There are many other articles manufactured by the American artizan which may be exported to England with advantage, provided this new Tariff is fully carried out.

DR. PUSEY AGAIN.

Willmer & Smith's Times of the 3d instant, says "The celebrated Dr. Pusey, at the expiration of his three years' suspension, appeared on Sunday last in the pulpit of the Cathedral Church of Oxford; and so great was the anxiety to hear him, that the struggle at the door for admission savored more of the theatre than the house of prayer. The attendance exceeded all previous experience. Great numbers came purposely from London, and the reporters of the daily press were sent down to place the sermon before the world. Dr. Pusey, it will be remembered, was suspended for preaching the Roman Catholic doctrine of the real presence in the eucharist. The interval appears to have worked no change in his views; for the doctrines of the priestly remission of sins, and of the 'real presence,' were as strongly insisted on the present as in the condemned sermon. The one sermon, in fact, was the continuation of the other; and Dr. Pusey seemed delighted to have the opportunity of repeating his opinions in the presence of his judges—the university authorities. Whether any or what notice will be taken of this last move on the part of the tractarian leader, who is left alone, like the 'last rose of Summer,' blooming in solitude, remains to be seen. The 'leading journal,' yesterday, has a pungent attack upon Dr. Pusey, which may be regarded as tolerably clear evidence that his views find little sympathy with the popular mind in England."

FRANCE.

Mr. King, the American Minister at the Tuilleries, has been drawn into correspondence with M. Guizot, for the purpose of rebutting a charge preferred against him by the London Times, of garbling the views of the French Government on the subject of Texas, and producing thereby the explosive missive in the President's Message, which has caused such a sensation in France.

M. Guizot has noticed the remarks of Mr. Polk's Message relative to War and Texas.

M. Guizot has accordingly felt surprized at the language used by the President in his Message, and he has considered it his duty to claim in reply for France an entire independence of action. He next examined the commercial reasons which had induced France to recognize the independence of Texas in 1838, and rendered her anxious to maintain it in 1845. The political considerations had been of a still greater weight. There were at present, he said, three powerful nations intent on aggrandizing beyond measure, their territories—England, Russia, and the United States.

France was not extending her domains. In Africa she had made a conquest it was her honor and interest to preserve, but the bounds of which she would not overstep. It was of the highest importance to France that those three nations should balance each other's power, and that none of them should obtain a preponderating influence. She was consequently interested in protecting the independence of the American States.

DISASTER TO THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.—The French papers gave an account of a horrid disaster which overtook a detachment of the French army in the province of Constantine. In the midst of a large plain, the column was overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, which continued two days, in which the poor fellows were obliged to bivouac. Some of them not having tasted food for two days, fell victims to the severity of the weather. By this calamity more than 100 lives, it is said, have been lost.

IRELAND.

The use of diseased potatoes in Ireland by the destitute poor is becoming, as was expected, a frightful source of fever and disease. A fearful increase in the number of fever patients has taken place in the hospital of Fermoy.

GERMANY.

Matters pretty much as usual. Nothing stirring.

ITALY.

Dates from Milan to the 23d of January have been received. A treaty of commerce is about to be entered into between the Papal States and Russia. Nothing seems to be stirring in the political world. The Duke de Modena died lately, and is succeeded by his son.

SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is in any thing but a tranquil state; an uneasy feeling is abroad, and every body expects more trouble.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The despatches by extraordinary express, in anticipation of the bi-monthly mail from India and China, reached London on the 19th ult., via Marseilles. The dates are Calcutta, Dec. 7; Bombay, Dec. 15.

The political news is not important.

The news from China is unimportant. Commercial matters at Calcutta and Bombay wear rather an unfavorable aspect.

New York City.

☞ The following is given as the estimate of Mr. Astor's immense wealth, in a book of the "Rich Men of New York." It says, that "those knowing his affairs best place it at $30,000,000, and some as high even as $50,000,000. His income, on a moderate estimate, must be $2,000,000 a year, or $166,000 a month; which is about $41,000 a week, $5,760 a day, $240 an hour, and $4 a minute. Mr. Astor has made a donation of $400,000 for a library in New York, the interest of which is to be expended in employing agents to purchase books, and in the erection of a building."

☞ A boy named Alexander McNair, aged 14 years, accidentally fell into a vat of scalding liquor at the distillery of Gen. Manley, in Tillary street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday afternoon week. The poor boy was immediately rescued and conveyed to his home, where he lingered until the next morning in the greatest agony, and, notwithstanding the exertions of several doctors, then expired.

☞ The last snow storm, besides making good sleighing in New York, rendered some of the streets impassable, the snow, when removed from the sidewalks into the street, being so mountain high, that it would have been a break-neck adventure to have attempted to pass over it in a vehicle.

☞ The Sheriff of New York has received from Governor Wright a commutation of punishment in the case of Wm. Harper, who was sentenced to be hung on the 28th of this month, for the murder of John G. Kempt, in that city. The penalty has been changed into imprisonment for life.

☞ The rates of taxation in the city of N. York is ninety-five cents on every hundred dollars of real and personal estate, as returned by the assessors. In Boston the tax is fifty-six cents on a hundred dollars.

Items of News.

☞ Hon. Horace Mann, returning from Chelsea, where he had been lecturing, to Boston, one night last week, stepped from the ferry-boat into the river. He was promptly rescued by the aid of the passengers without injury, and coolly remarked that, "he hoped no person had been at all alarmed on his account."

☞ The Paris Courier has an article in which it gravely comments on a report from Mexico that a plan is in agitation there for giving Mexico to France, with the Duke de Montpensier as its monarch, in the event of his becoming the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain.

☞ Henry W. Green, Esq., of Trenton, has been nominated to the Senate by the Governor of New Jersey, for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, for the term of seven years, commencing in October next, when the term of the present Chief Justice will expire.

☞ Mr. Corbyn, with the Swiss Bell Ringers and Miss Hiffert, have sailed from New Orleans in the yacht Fairy for Galveston. From thence they proceed to Corpus Christi and perhaps Matamoras, and afterwards to Havana, Vera Cruz, and the city of Mexico.

☞ Hon. Edward Everett has accepted the Presidency of Harvard University, and has announced his readiness to enter forthwith upon the duties of the office.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 21st, 1846.

The bribery case has been disposed of, by transferring the matter from the Legislature to the courts of law. Cook was in custody of the House for two days, during which an examination of witnesses took place, and his crime was fully proved upon him. The House, however, thought it better to hand him over to the court for punishment, and accordingly a resolution was passed transferring his custody to the sheriff, and directing the Attorney General to prosecute him. The judges of the court here have admitted him to bail in the sum of $2,000. It is to be hoped that such a bare-faced attempt to bribe a legislator will not go unpunished.

A bill has passed both Houses, to construct a new county, to be called Blair. The N. York and Erie Railroad bill has passed the House, ayes 51, nays 30. In the Senate the Central Railroad bill has passed, yeas 28, nays 5. The Right of Way bill was lost in the Senate, ayes 16, nays 17. This is all the work of importance done this week.

Letter from Washington.

Last Levee of the Season—Destruction of Constructive Mileage—Project for a National Foundry at Harrisburg—the Oregon Debate in the Senate—Prospect of Peace and War.

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 23d, 1846.

The last levee of the season was held at the President's House on Wednesday evening. They are to be hereafter discontinued in consequence of the labor they inflict on the President. About twelve hundred persons were present, and the levee was altogether one of the most brilliant we have had this winter. I would give you a description of one of these parties, "to the best of my humble ability," as Dan Webster says, but I saw a week or two since, in your paper, an admirable sketch of one from another hand.

The House, during the past week, has chiefly been engaged in matters of limited interest: the only important business which has occupied their attention, being the passage of a bill prohibiting the reception by Senators of constructive mileage. Heretofore, when an extra session of the Senate has been called, as often happens, on the day after the termination of the regular session the Senators have charged, and been allowed, their mileage, as if they had actually returned home, and then come back again to Washington.

Many of your readers, who have never heard of this practice, will be astonished at what I relate. How Senators could reconcile it to their notions of honesty, thus to fleece the public by a constructive mileage, is a matter, I, for one, cannot comprehend. Take, for instance, the case of a Senator coming from the extreme West! By this constructive mileage he puts into his pocket in a single day, by the operation of a mere fiction of law, a sum of between one and two thousand dollars of the people's money. I hope this evil will now be abated. There are other places, too, where reform would be advisable. But of these hereafter.

The Committee on Military Affairs has made an interesting report on the subject of "National Foundries." Among other places, Harrisburg, in your State, is mentioned as a fit location. It appears to me that a better selection could not be made. Pennsylvania is the great seat of the iron business in the United States, and your Commonwealth naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate one for a Foundry. Harrisburg is the Capitol of your State, is removed from the sea-board and the danger of invasion, and yet is brought, by railroad, within a few hours of the ocean. It is just the place for a National Foundry.

In the Senate, the Oregon difficulty is still the subject of debate. Mr. Benton made a brief speech last week, in which, however, he fully declared his views. He said he considered our title to the whole of Oregon as now clearly established. He was opposed to arbitration, but in favor of negotiation. He approved of Mr. Polk's offer of the 49th degree, as it had a conciliatory effect, and counteracted in a measure, the irritating effect which the Message had abroad. Mr. B. declared himself in favor of the notice, and of the extension of our laws over the Territory. He also approved of granting lands to settlers, of organizing a regiment of mounted riflemen, and of establishing military posts to protect emigrants.

The Senate adjourned from Thursday last until yesterday, when they met but did no business, it being generally observed here in lieu of the 22d. The House adjourned over from Saturday until to-day.

The general opinion here, is, that the Foreign News is very favorable, and that Mr. Pakenham will soon submit a proposition to our Government.

R. P.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and R. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Wald, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, J. Hammett, J. S. James, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

STREAMS OF SQUATTER LIFE, AND FAR-WEST SCENES. *By "Solitaire," John S. Robb, of St. Louis, Mo., author of "Swallowing Oysters Alive." With illustrations by Darley. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1846. We have been favored with an examination of the MS of this forthcoming volume of sketches, chiefly humorous, by the inimitable author of "Swallowing Oysters Alive." Mr. Robb is a young, but already a well known writer. In a neat preface to this work he modestly intimates that if he can emulate even a portion of the powers of Field, Thorpe, Sol. Smith and others, he will be satisfied; we can assure him that he has already proved himself possessed of ability equal to any of them. The fund of Western humor has but lately been opened, but in the hands of Solitaire, it promises to be inexhaustible. Like Mercutio, his wit breaks out every where—witness the following mingled appeal and defiance to the critics, with which he concludes his preface.

"In conclusion, allow me to add, that the within pages are written as much for the reader's amusement as for the illustration of old incidents and character, and if they fail in this, they fail altogether—it is certain I have *tried to be funny*, and not to succeed in such an effort is the most hopeless of all literary failures. I shall leave the decision of this, to me momentous question, to the indulgence of the public, and hold myself ready to 'back out' if they decree it, or attempt a better effort under their approving smile.

"A word to the critics.—Gentlemen, I have a high respect for you, and some little fear; and I, therefore, beg of you to touch me lightly—if you teach me at all; or, in the language of the Irish pupil, when about to receive a thrashing from his tutor:—

"If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for March*, is embellished with a mezzotint and a plate of colored fashions. The mezzotint is one of the most beautiful things we ever saw, and, as a contemporary remarks, "worth the price of subscription for a year." This elegant engraving represents the "Raising of Jairus' Daughter," and, apart from its beauty as a picture, will recommend itself to all on account of its Scriptural associations. The literary contents of the number are admirable. The "Tradesman's Boast," by Mrs. Stephens, is certainly a tale of extraordinary interest and power. "Amy Gray" is also a beautiful story; we copy it in the present number of the "Post." Altogether, Mr. Peterson sustains the publisher's department of his magazine with great spirit, while Mrs. Stephens ably seconds him by her pen and her host of contributors. We should mention that the fashion plate is very beautiful, and contains, among others, the latest costume for riding dresses.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for March*.—This number contains a fine mezzotint and a fashion plate. The mezzotint is in Sartain's best style, and is called "The Duenna," representing a witching young Spanish girl looking slyly over her shoulder at you, while her duenna hobbles off in the distance. The fashion plate is superbly engraved. The literary matter in the number is very good. An excellent biography of Captain Kirkwood, of the Delaware line, one of the heroic spirits of the Revolution, is contributed by Dr. P. B. Delany; and several agreeable stories by Fanny Forester, J. K. Paulding, and others, fills up the rest of the number.

A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *By J. Copeland, M. D. Edited, with additions, by Charles A. Lee, M. D. Part XII. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1846. This is an excellent serial work, which is published monthly at fifty cents a number. The subjects discussed in the present number are hysteria, jaundice, indigestion, infection, inflammation, &c., &c. A work at once so valuable and cheap should be widely circulated; and as each part contains but six sheets, though comprising 150 pages, the postage is a comparative trifle.

THE DESIGN OF THE CHURCH, AS AN INDEX TO HER REAL NATURE AND THE TRUE LAW OF HER COMMUNION. *By John Mullen, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Frederick, Md. 1 vol. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.* 1846. This is a well written treatise, intended chiefly to show the necessity of a church organization, in order to maintain the purity and strength of religion. The author's views on the design of externals in religion, though not altogether original, are forcible and well expressed.

KRUITZNER. *The German's Tale. By the Author of the Canterbury Tales. 1 vol. Ferrett & Co. T. B. Peterson.* This is a republication of a romance, which long ago received the praise of some of the master writers of our tongue. We are glad to welcome it in this new dress, for in the old edition it has heretofore been inconveniently scarce.

COUSIN HINTON, *or Friend and Foe. A Novel. By Ellen Pickering. 1 vol. Ferrett & Co. T. B. Peterson.* Miss Pickering, like Mr. James, always writes a readable novel; and the present is one of Miss P.'s most entertaining works.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED BIBLE. No. 50. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, and Lindsay & Blakiston.* This number fully equals its predecessors. The work is drawing rapidly to a close.

Casualties.

☞ In New Haven there was excellent sleighing, and among the accidents which resulted from sleigh riding, were the upset of a Miss Bassett, the horse drawing the sleigh in which she was riding having become intractable; one of her ribs were broken. A Mr. A. G. North and lady, were driven into by another sleigh, knocked out of the vehicle in which they were riding, and very seriously injured, Mr. M. being dragged some distance by the reins, and badly bruised.

☞ We learn from the Mobile Advertiser of the 14th inst., that Miss E. A. C. Goodman was killed by lightning, while in bed with Mrs. Sampson and her child. The fluid struck and passed down the chimney, branching off and striking the deceased in the face, which caused her instant death. Mrs. S. and child were shocked and burned, though not dangerously. Miss Goodman was scarcely eighteen—and her loss will be severely felt by a large circle of friends.

☞ The Norfolk Herald, states that on Tuesday week, the steamer Pioneer while on her way from Elizabeth City, N. C., struck upon a bank known as the "Moccasin Track," and while endeavoring to back off, burst her boiler. The stern was blown out and sunk immediately, directly across the steamboat channel, offering such an obstruction that a yawl-boat cannot be floated over or by her, it is said. The engineer and three negroes were so badly scalded by the explosion, that their lives are despaired of.

☞ Albert Gurney, a Boston Pilot, was drowned last week, by the upsetting of a canoe in which he was boarding a vessel, about eight miles from Boston Light. It was in the effort to save the lives of others that he perished.

☞ Mr. William Crosby, of South Springfield, Mass., was killed on the 3d inst., by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

New Tariff Bill.

SECRETARY WALKER'S BILL.

The new Tariff bill, now before the Committee of Ways and Means excites general interest: accordingly we subjoin an admirable digest of it, prepared by a Custom House officer in this city for his own use.

Opinions are divided as to whether the bill will pass; but the preponderant judgment seems to be that it will. Only two Democratic Senators—those from Pennsylvania—are understood to be opposed to it; and unless others of that party join them the bill will have a majority in the Senate as well as the House. But in a few weeks when the bill comes to be voted on, the whole aspect of the case may be altered.

ARTICLES FREE OF DUTY.

All goods, wares, and merchandise, the growth, &c. of the United States, exported and returned.
Argol, or crude tartar, adhesive felts.
All dye-woods in sticks, animals for breed, Brazil wood, cotton wools, coins, copper for the United States Mint.
Crude, brimstone, copper fourteen by forty eight inches, &c., (sheathing) gold and silver bullion, guano.
Household effects, old, and in use of persons or families immigrating, if used by them, and not intended for any other person, or for sale; wearing apparel in actual use, and other personal effects, not merchandise; professional books, instruments and tools of trade, occupation, or employment of persons.
Ivory, unmanufactured, madder root, oakum, &c.
Pearl, mother of, plaster of Paris, not ground.
Platina, unmanufactured, old junk.
Paintings and statuary of American artists abroad.
The personal effects and household of citizens of the United States dying abroad.
Salt, silver bullion.
Specimens of natural history, mineralogy and botany, cabinets of coin, medals, and other collections of antiquities, anatomical preparations, models of machinery, and other inventions, &c.
Sheathing metal and copper.
Tea and coffee, imported direct from the place of their growth or production, in American vessels, or in foreign vessels entitled by treaty, &c., or Java coffee imported in the same manner from Holland and the Netherlands.
Whale and other fish oils, and other articles, the produce of American fisheries.
Vegetables and nuts, &c., used for dyeing, &c.

FIVE PER CENT.

Copper, ore, old, pigs and bars of.
Bark Alcornoque, burr stones.
Brass in pigs and bars, and old; bananas.
Bell metal, old, not perfect, &c.
Chalk clay unwrought, cocoa nuts.
Flints, grindstones, gum substitute.
Gums, Senegal, Arabic, Tragacanth.
Kermes, lac dye, lac spirits.
Madder ground, nickel, pimpkins.
Pewter old, plaintains.
Stones paving, seed lac, spelter.
Starch burnt, shellac, shaddock.
Saffron and S-cake, safflower, sumac.
Tin, in pigs, bars and clocks; tumeric.
Teutenague unmanufactured, weld, yarns.
Zinc unmanufactured.

TEN PER CENT.

Barilla, Persian or blue berries.
Composition of glass or paste not set.
Cameos real or imitation, cochineal.
Cork tree bark, unmanufactured cudbear.
Cream of tartar, furs not dressed on the skin, blankets under 75 cts.
Gunny cloths, grease, marrow, &c.
Hides, dried, &c., indigo.
India rubber, unmanufactured japan earth, terra japonica.
Kelp, mosaics, real or imitation, lime.
Natron, nitre, crude or refined, nux vomica.
Palm oil, pastel, (woad,) palm leaf.
Plaster of Paris, ground, quicksilver.
Rape seed, linseed and hemp seed.
Rags, rattans, reeds, shoddy.
Soap stuff and stocks, soda ash.
Tin in plates and sheets.
Tallow, waste watches and parts.
Watch materials except glasses.
Diamonds, &c. not set and imitations.

TWENTY PER CENT.

Ale, beer, and porter, arsenic, alum.
Amber, ambergris, ammonia.
Acids, sulphuric, benzoic, citric, pyroligneous, tartaric, boracic, white and yellow muriatic, acetic, acetous.
Arrow root, aniseed, annato, (recoa.)
Antimony, aloes, animal carbon.
Asafœtida, bronze liquor, bricks.
Butter, barytes (sulphate of) borax.
Bones and bone tripes, beeswax, blankets costing over 75 cts.
Boards, planks, &c., sawed, pearl barley.
Barks not enumerated, bulbs, burgundy pitch.
Bitumen crude, bouche leaves.
Books, pamphlets, &c., all kinds printed.
Blank books of all kinds, bismuth.
Butter apples, Brazil paste, berries not enumerated.
Blue Prussian.
Buttons and button moulds, beef, bacon.
Beans, barley.
Cordage, yarns, twine seines, &c.
Cotton manufacturer of, not embroidered laces, &c.
Corled hair, codilla, coir, copperas.
Chronometers, chromate of lead.
Copper in rods, sheets, braziers, &c.
Cedar, mahogany, &c., cocoa shells.
Copper, sulphate of, blue vitriol.
Chloride of lime, chalk, red and French.
Chocolate, castoriums, cassia buds.
Camada, cobalt, cantharides, cubebs.
Cocculus indicus, Dutch metal.
Drugs, medicinal, crude, druid pulp.
Dragon's blood, engravings, emory.
Ebony unmanufactured, extracts of lockwood, &c.
Earthenware, China and stoneware.
Earths friable, unmanufactured, firewood.
Flax, unmanufactured, and manufactures of flax.
Fish, dried, salted and fishglue, and fish skins.
Feathers, &c., for beds and feather beds, flowers not enumerated.
Flour of sulphur, fulminating powder.
Furs dressed on the skin, and hatters' furs dressed or not.
Gunny bags.
Galvanized tin plates, gambouge.
Gold and silver leaf, gold beaters' skins.
Glass tumblers, plain, moulded and pressed.
do. crown, cylinder, &c., window.
Ginger root, dried or green; glue.
Gums, crude or refined, not enumerated.
Hemp, jute, Sisal grass coir, and other vegetable substances.
Hemp, jute, sisal grass coir, manufactures of.
Horns, teeth, bones and tips.
Hats and bonnets, &c., and flats and braids, plaits, sparterre and willow, of straw, chip grass, &c.
Hats of wool and wool hat bodies, hams.
Hair of all kinds, uncleaned and unmanufactured.
Hair cloth and hair seating, and manufactured hair.
Ivory nuts, ivory and black, isinglass, ipecacuanha.
Iron liquor, juniper berries.
Lead in pigs, bars, sheet, shot, pipe and old.
do. white, red, chromite of, and all others.
Or earths, used by painters, whether dry or not.
Lead, sugar of, litharge, lamp black.
do. nitrate of.
Lace of linen thread, listings woollen.
Liquorice paste jute, or root lentils.
Lard leeches, lac sulphur.
Lemons and limes, juice of, and peel do.
Leather, tanned, sole or bend, all upper.
Leather, Calf and Seal skins tanned and dressed; goat skins, kid and sheep skins, and all other skins pickled, salted, tanned or dressed.
Linens of all kinds, maps and charts.
Mahogany, rose wood, satin wood, &c., not manufactured.
Medicinal drugs, crude and leaves; moss for beds.
Metals not enumerated, unmanufactured.
Marble manufactured, marine, coral, &c., unmanufactured.
Manganese, Magnesia extracts.
Mohair, angora or other goats hair, unmanufactured.
Mustard and seed, maine, mineral substances and waters not enumerated, manna.
Mats and matting, Chinese and other made of flags, jute or grass, &c., nuts medicinal.
Oils of hempseed, linseed, rapeseed, castor, neats' foot, animal, and all used for painters, olive in casks.
Oil, Spermaceti and other fish oil, the produce of foreign fisheries.
Orpiment, oats, oatmeal, orris root.
Potatoes, opium, putty, plumbago, Paris white.
Paints not enumerated, dry or ground in oil.
Paper, letter, foolscap and all not enumerated.
Paper hanging, screen, &c.; also sheathing.
Patent, mordant, chromate and prussiate of, potash, pumice-stone, percussion caps.
Potassium, plants, pitch.
Preparations, mercurial, calomel, &c.
Quinine, sulphate of, Quills.
Roman cement, roofing slates, sponges.
Seaweed, spunk, sago sandever.
Spirits of turpentine, salammoniac.
Salts, Rochelle, Epsom, &c., and all other chemical salts, &c., not enumerated.
Soda, all carbonate of, do. and sal.
Steel, in bars, plates or sheets.
Silks of all descriptions, sewing, raw, floss and twist.
Sarsaparilla; shoes of India rubber.
Starch, smalts.
Stone, polishing, rotten, soap, &c.
Seeds, garden and all not enumerated.
Rye, rhubarb, rocoa, roots.
Roll brimstone, resinous substances.
Tortoise and other shell unmanufactured.
Tow of flax and hemp; tin foil, tinsel.
Timber used in building wharves.
Tiles, paving, other than marble; tar.
Teutenague, tapioca.
Tobacco, trees, tin galvanised.
Type metal and plates; type, new and old.
Vermilion, verdigris, vitriol of all kinds.
Vegetables not enumerated and vegetable ivory, &c.
Vinegar, Vanilla beans, varnish.
Wool unmanufactured and woollen and worsted yarns.
Wood unmanufactured, whalebone, wheat.
Zinc in sheets, zebra wood.

THIRTY PER CENT.

Almonds, alabaster ornaments.
Artificial flowers, Argentine.
Alabatta, asses' skin, anchovies.
All articles made up by tailors, &c., worn by men, women and children.
All manufactures of wood, paper, (leather not enumerated,) iron, steel, brass, copper, tin, pewter, lead, or other metal, of which metal is a component material.
Boxes, shell and fancy.
Beads of all kinds, baskets of willow, &c.
Balsams, bay rum, bonnets.
Hose, manufactures of, brushes and brooms.
Coach and harness furniture, cutlery.
Cabinet and household furniture.
Cotton manufactures, embroidered, &c.
Clocks and parts, coal, coke and culm.
Composition of glass and paste set or not.
Carpeting, Brussels, Turkey, willow, &c.
Cotton laces, &c., laces, braids, cords, gimps, &c.
Cotton hat bodies, galloons.
Cigars and paper cigars, caps of fur.
Cameos, canes, combs, carriages and parts of carriages, comforts, card-cases, confectionery, cloves, cinnamon, canals, manufactures of cork, currants, cheese, capers, cosmetics, court plaster.
Dolls and toys of all kinds, dates, earthy substances, essences, extracts, epaulets and wings.
Frames for umbrellas, floor-cloth, all stamped, printed, &c., fire-arms, fur hats, feathers, ornamented fans, fire screens, furniture, cabinet and household, fruit preserved, fish preserved.
Gloves, mits, hosiery, &c., made on frames.
Giltware, grapes.
Galvanized iron, German silver, manufactures of.
Glass, all manufactures of, not specified.
Glaziers' diamonds, gold and silver, manufactures of.
Ginger, ground and preserved; gunpowder, gelatine.
Gum benjamin.
Horns, manufactures of; honey, hair pencils.
Iron in pigs, bars, sheets, hoops.
Iron rods, castings, &c., and manufactures of.
Japanned wares.
Jet and imitation of manufactures.
India rubber, all manufactures of, except shoes.
Ivory, manufactures of, and of vegetable ivory.
Jewelry and imitations of set; inkpowder and ink; jellies.
Knots, stars, galloons, &c., embroidered with gold and silver.
Metal, silver plated; mace.
Muskets, rifles, mineral substances, manufactures of.
Muffs of fur, marble, all manufactures of.
Molasses, metals, all manufactures of; music and music paper.
Musical instruments of all kinds.
Maccaroni, meats, game, &c., prepared.
Medicinal, preparations of; mustard.
Nutmegs, nuts edible.
Oil cloths, printed or painted, and of all kinds.
Oil, olive, not in casks, salad, &c.
Oil, volatile, essential and expressed.
Paper mache, paste, &c.
Plated wares of all kinds, parchment.
Pearl, manufactures of.
Precious stones and imitations of set.
Platina, manufactures of; preserves.
Paper, manufactures of, pocket books.
Palm-leaf, manufactures of, pimento.
Paintings and statuary, pencils, slate and lead, pens, metallic.
Pepper, and Cayenne do., perfumes, &c.
Porcelain glass, prunes, plums.
Readymade clothing of all descriptions.
Raisins.
Silk embroideries of, articles made of.
Strings for musical instruments, catgut, whipgut, &c.
Sealing wax.
Stereotype plates, screws, snuff.
Spartaries, scagliola, slates, (except roofing.)
Sweetmeats, sardines.
Sugar of all kinds, syrup of do.
Soap of all kinds, sausages, saucers.
Salmon, soused or pickled.
Tobacco, manufactures of tapers, tinctures.
Umbrellas, parasols and sun shades.
Vermacelli, vellum.
Watch glasses, wafers, water colors, &c.
Wood, all manufactures of.

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

Buttons and button-moles.
Carpeting, Venetian, ingrain, and all not enumerated.
Flannels, baizes and bockings.
Manufactures of silk, wool, worsted and goat's-hair and mohair.

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

Spirituous liquors of all kinds.
Cordials, liquors, &c.
All articles not enumerated to pay 20 per cent.

Fires.

☞ The Providence Journal says that the cotton mill of John Olney & Co., at Brand's Iron Works, was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday morning week, at about two o'clock, together with a store on the opposite side of the street, owned by Edward Barber and occupied by Olney and Richmond. The loss on the factory building, owned by John Olney, was $6,000. A little boy, twelve years old, from some misunderstanding with his family, remained in the mill over night. He was not discovered until the flames had made such progress that it was impossible to rescue him. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is believed that it was caused by the lad in attempting to kindle a fire in the stove.

☞ The store of Mr. Alexander Jordan, at Newark, N. J., was set on fire on Sunday night last, by the accidental oversetting of a Camphine Lamp. Mr. Jordan was reading and the lamp burned dimly, he proceeded to refill it while the wick was inflamed, and in doing so it upset, scattering the burning fluid all over the goods and floor, and causing a strong fire in a moment. The fire was kept in check by the citizens pelting it with snow, until an engine came. Mr. J.'s loss is about $2,000, which is fully covered by insurance.

☞ Five large brick stores on River Street, in Troy, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on Thursday night week. A large quantity of flour, wheat and other property was consumed. Loss $50,000.

General News.

☞ A man and his wife stopped at the house of Mr. G. W. Darling, in Franklin, Me., some days since, and remained there over night, with the purpose of going eastward in the morning. Early next morning, Mr. Darling, on entering their room, observed the man lighting a pipe for the woman to smoke, and after whiffing it for some time she grew stupid, and finally insensible, in which condition she remained until she expired. The man, after ascertaining that she would die, and that he could not inherit her property, for which, it is said, he married her, went away, taking with him some valuables contained in her wallet, and has not since been heard of. It is evident that the fellow murdered her in the hope of securing her property, and had placed some strong poison in the bowl of the pipe, and her death was caused by the inhalation of the poison.

☞ The Charleston, S. C., News, of the 21st inst., says: Carston Reicke, a storekeeper in Meeting street, above the Railroad Depot, was last night arrested by officer Sharlock, and lodged in jail on a charge of forgery. It appears that Reicke has, for some time past, been counterfeiting the signature of Mr. John A. Cook, to notes placed in the Union Bank, and has been so far successful as to have a large quantity, some say twelve or fifteen thousand dollars worth of paper in that institution. Since, the forgery was accidentally discovered by the observation of one of the officers of the bank to a gentleman, for whom Mr. Cook endorses, that the latter gentleman had endorsed for a large amount for the prisoner. Upon investigation, this scheme of villainy was found to have been carried on for some months.

☞ An interesting article in the National Magazine contains some striking facts concerning the growth and prospects of the great West. The productive industry of the nine States bordering on the Western waters is thus set forth. Agriculture, $194,684,895; manufacture, $38,227,785; commerce, $28,322,413; the forest, $3,376,794; mines, $6,008,378; fisheries, $11,717—total, $270,531,932. And yet the entire population according to the last census, of these nine States is less than *five and a half millions* of people. A single individual in Cincinnati has negotiated drafts through the banks to the annual amount of from $20,000 to $25,000, for the proceeds of *eggs* shipped from that city to New Orleans.

☞ The schr. Almira Rogers, Capt. Anthony P. Salter, which left this city for New York on the day preceding the great storm, was wrecked near Barnegat Inlet, and every soul on board perished before aid could be given. The last that was seen of any person on board, was one man in the rigging, but when she was boarded, no traces of a single individual could be found. There were five persons on board of her—Athony P. Salter, Captain, and John Salter, both from Bergen, N. J., two men belonging to Shrewsbury, N. J., and a colored man, steward, from Philadelphia. The Captain owned three fourths of the vessel, and ——— Bartine, of Stafford, N. J., one-fourth. She was not insured.

☞ An affidavit was made before Recorder Baldwin, of New Orleans, by W. Van Benthuysen, on the part of the publishers of the Daily Jeffersonian, praying for the arrest of no less than one hundred of the printers of that city, on a charge of conspiracy against the said publishers by the publication of a memorial to the State Legislature, praying that the public printing might not be given them, on several grounds alleged in said memorial. The printers have been cited to appear before the Recorder, and answer the charge.

☞ A breach of promise case was tried at the Essex County (New York) Circuit, a week or two since. The parties were Fanny L. McAuley and Roderick C. Phippin, of Crownpoint. The courtship had been three years in progress, and Mr. Phippin had uttered the fatal word. Nay, more. He borrowed a dollar of Fanny's brother-in-law "to pay the marriage fee," and the same night he went to St. Lawrence County, where, without the loss of time, he married another woman. The jury gave a verdict of $400 damages.

☞ Gen. Tom Thumb is in Scotland. He recently lost one of his beautiful ponies, thus diminishing his dwarfish team.

☞ If the island of Great Britain was set in the middle of Lake Superior, it could not be seen from the surrounding shores.

☞ Glass may be beautifully frosted with Epsom salts dissolved in hot water, and applied with a brush while hot.

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph between New York and Boston will be completed, it is expected, by the 15th of next month, at least to Bridgeport, so that the foreign news by the next steamship may be telegraphed to that place, and then be expressed through to New York. The extension of these lines of instantaneous communication between the various cities will put an end to the express business upon land. The newspapers must seek some other as yet unattempted enterprise in which those that have the greatest amount of liberality will as now bear off the palm of honor.

☞ The Governor of Louisiana, in his late message to the Legislature, complains of the laws of Maryland, which sentence slaves and free people of color, convicted of crimes, to be sold without the limits of the State. The Governor, as a preventive to the practice, recommends that the Legislature pass a law punishing all slaves and free persons of color, who may be found in Louisiana after the commission of crimes in other States, with imprisonment in the penitentiary for life."

☞ In the town of Perry, New York, a gang of thieves and shop breakers, consisting entirely of boys, the oldest of whom is but thirteen years of age, has just been discovered. They are eight in number, and have carried on their depredations for a long time without suspicion. They commenced by purloining trifles, and ended by entering stores in the night time. All are the sons of respectable parents.

☞ The Seguins and Mr. Fraser have had a long and very successful engagement at Boston, which was concluded on Monday night week. They brought out all the principal Operas, and the Bostonians expressed themselves highly pleased with their efforts. They also performed at the Seventh Philharmonic Concert in the city, when *twenty-seven hundred* tickets was taken at the door.

☞ The Medical College, located in St. Louis, and known as the Medical Department of Kemper College, has been withdrawn from its connexion with that institution and incorporated with the Medical Department of the State University. The Professors remain, with the exception of the Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Sewell, who resigns and is succeeded by Professor Leffingwell.

☞ There was considerable excitement in the Ohio House of Representatives on the 16th, growing out of an alleged attempt to bribe the Representative from Putnam, Mr. Knapp, by one of the lobbies for Auglaize. Mr. Knapp introduced resolutions, for the arraignment of the offender before the House, to answer to the charge, which were referred to a select committee of five.

☞ Albert J. Tirrell was arraigned at Boston on Tuesday week, on two indictments, one charging him with the murder of Maria Bickford, and the other, with having set fire to the premises in which the murder took place. He pleaded not guilty with a calm, clear voice to both indictments, and his trial was set down for the fourth Tuesday in March next.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that two individuals have purchased the site at the Falls of the Potomac, in the County of Fairfax, fifteen miles from Washington city, and near the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, for $11,000. The water power to be had there is estimated to be capable of driving 800 factories.

☞ John Nichols and his son, late Collectors of Tioga Town, Pa., have been arrested at Wheeling, Va., charged with absconding with about $1,000 belonging to the township, which they unfortunately forgot to pay over, in their hurry to go on a Western tour. The greater portion of the money was found in their possession.

☞ A resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives, on Monday week, on motion of the Hon. Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, instructing the Judiciary Committee, to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the effectual prevention of the sale of lottery tickets in the District of Columbia.

☞ The Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle of Wednesday last, says:—Spring is fast opening upon us. The trees are putting out their foliage, flowers in gardens (several kinds) are in bloom, and every thing betokens that the reign of winter is closing rapidly.

☞ The Grand Jury of Cayuga, has found true bills against Hiram Rathbun, Principal Keeper of the Auburn State Prison, and Melancthon W. Cary, the Assistant Keeper, for manslaughter in the case of the whipped convict, Plumb.

☞ The storm on Saturday week made a great commotion in the oyster beds on the Potomac, as well as the Chesapeake. At the light house on Piney Point, they were piled up on the shore by the storm, in masses of thousands.

☞ One day last week, a young man, a Spaniard, was precipitated some forty feet through a succession of openings in the floors of the woollen manufactory of Hotchkiss & Loomis, at Woodbury, Ct. He was not hurt.

☞ We learn from Harrisburg that the Governor has fixed the 8th day of May as the time for the execution of James M'Cafferty, who was convicted in Huntingdon county, of the murder of David Hassler.

☞ The Massachusetts Dew Drop, says that the Directors of the Fall River Railroad have decided by vote, that no ardent spirits shall be transported over their road.

☞ Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, a very popular English poetess, died on the 7th of January.

☞ Three groceries have been erected on the ice near the Falls of Niagara.

Latest Fashions.

Out Door Dress.—Some new mantalets have appeared, both in sable and ermine; they are of a very large size, the hind part forming a very deep pelerine, and are made with sleeves. They will probably, in some degree, supersede fur cardinals among our very high fashionables, as they are quite as warm, and much more advantageous to the figure. Fur trimmings have increased in favor, and chinchill is a good deal adopted, both for muffs, trimmings and Victorias. Several cloaks of very fine ladies cloth, have appeared; they were most of them made in the La Valliere style, that is to say, long and ample.

Chapeaux.—Some new shapes have appeared, neither so wide as the pampelas, nor so close as the chapeaux of the last few years. We do not, however, conceive that the decline of the Pamelas—we mean those of moderate size—will be rapid; they are very becoming to some faces, and fashion no longer exacts that strict uniformity of costume which was formerly so indispensable.

Robes.—Every day increases the vogue of robes de chambre—in fact, they are, both for form and material, of such extreme elegance, that a lady cannot have a more becoming or costly dishabille. For belles under twenty a cap may be dispensed with, but above that age it would be bad taste not to wear one. Last year they were brought very forward, at present they are placed much farther back. This is particularly the case with dinner or evening caps. In speaking of morning dishabille, we should not forget the cambric and jaconet robes worn under the robes de chambre—some have the front of the corsage embroidered in the form of a bib, and that of the en tablier—others form a chemizette and have narrow shoulder straps and short sleeves, also embroidered.

Though velvet is very much in request, passementerie is more so—it seems, indeed, as if every succeeding season since it was introduced, increased both its vogue and its beauty.

We can assure our fair readers that there is not the least foundation for a report that long trains will be introduced this winter; the width of skirts has neither increased nor diminished; in fact, we do not perceive any actual alteration in the forms of robes; but the elegance and variety of their garniture gives them, especially to those in evening dress, a very great appearance of novelty.

Robes for dress balls, are this season of extreme splendor.—*Gazette of Fashion.*

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!—The gentleman whose name is appended to this certificate, is well known in this city and also through the Southern and Western States. The testimony is convincing!

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10th, 1846.

DR. N. JACKSON: Dear Sir—You inquired of me what benefit I had derived from the use of your PILE EMBROCATION. I feel bound to state to you that I have been afflicted with that very troublesome and distressing disease, the Piles, for the last ten or twelve years, and mine was a case of the most painful kind, often obliging me to give up business. I had tried almost every kind of medicine recommended for the cure of Piles, but with very little benefit, when, during the last fall, I heard of several persons who had been cured by the use of your Embrocation and finally was induced myself to try it. After using part of a bottle I was entirely relieved, and have had no indications of a return of the disease. The cure, I have every reason to believe, is permanent. If it will be of any advantage to those who are similarly afflicted, you can use this note for that purpose; and may also refer any one to me, who may wish further information on the subject. Respectfully, GEORGE HELMICK,
No. 257 Lombard street.

For sale by Doctor D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

450 shares	Reading R. R. cash,	33a33½
250 do	Vicksburg Bank,	8¾
165 do	N. American Insurance Co.	7
113 do.	United States Bank,	3¾
105 do.	Lehigh Coal,	16a16½
85 do.	Girard Bank,	9¾
59 do.	Morris Canal,	16¼
57 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	8a8¼
6 do.	Commercial Bank,	51
2 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	150
$1000	U. S. 6's, 1832,	100
$ 000	Tenn. 5's, July 5,	82½
$2000	Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	74¼a74½
$30,000	State 5's, s5,	72¾
$1000	Wilmington R.R. 6's, 1856,	73¼
$1700	State 5's,	72
$400	State 5's, 1864,	72½
$700	County 5's, 1860, 2 ds,	92½
$1100	Texas 8 pr ct. Bonds,	31
$50	County 5's, 1863, old,	98¾
$200	Chesa. & Del. Canal 6's,	60
$435	County 5's, 1873,	103
$1000	Cincin. 6's, 65,	92½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25

FLOUR AND MEAL—The flour market continued inactive until Monday morning, both sellers and buyers being disposed to learn the tenor of the foreign private advices before operating. The news not being favorable with regard to prices in England, holders were willing to accept rather lower rates, and buyers for shipment came into market freely at the decline. Sales of 9000 bbls at $4 57½, 4,81¼ and 4,75 per bbl for good, fair and common brands. Most of the sales were made at $4,75 for fair brands, and the demand is very freely met. For city use the demand continues moderate at $4,87½a5,12½. Rye flour has again declined 25c per bbl. Sales of 2700 bbls at $3,50 per bbl. Corn meal has also attracted attention—Small sales at $3,12½ per bbl, since then sales of 5500 bbls, at $3 per bbl. The stock is now light and holders firm.

GRAIN—No arrivals of any account. Wheat—But little offering in the market; sales of 1000 bushels Pa. red at $1,04 per bushel; 1000 do. southern red at $1,05a1,08. Rye—A sale of southern at 72c. Corn is in limited request; sales of Pa. yellow at 60c. A lot of good yellow flat for the West Indies at 61c—We quote 60a62 cts. Oats—No arrivals; we quote southern at 38a39c.

PROVISIONS—In beef, no sales of any extent; mess is held at $9,50a9 per bbl. Pork—*New* western mess is held at $12,50, and prime at $11 per bbl, but no sales of any extent. Bacon—A sale of 50 casks hams and shoulders in bulk at a price not public. Sales of new hams 9, and old at 7a7; new sides at 7 and shoulders 6c per lb. Lard—Old is held at 7 and new at 7¼a7½ cts per lb, sales. Butter is dull at 10½ to 12 cts for kegs and tubs. Cheese—Sales of western at 7¼a8, and New York at 8a8¼c per lb.

ASHES—Pot ashes are dull at $3,50 per 100 lbs.

BARK—No sales of quercitron bark—first No. 1, is held at $24 per ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 29c per lb.

CANDLES—Sales of 250 boxes sperm at 29½c per lb, on time.

COAL—Prices have not varied, and there is a moderate demand for shipment and home consumption. There are considerable preparations making for active operations in the coal regions on the opening of the canals.

COFFEE—Prices are well supported and no stock remains in first hands. A cargo of 3000 bags Laguayra was sold and 1500 bags re sold on landing at 8 to 8¼ cts per lb. A cargo of 1000 bags St. Domingo was also sold before arrival at 6½c, on time.

COPPER—Sheathing is held at 23c per lb.

COTTON—The late foreign news has produced no change in prices here, but the demand has become less active. Sales of 475 bales, comprising New Orleans at 7¾a8½c per lb, and Upland at 7a8½c for middling to fair quality, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—Sales of Prussiate of potash at 52½c, colorynth at 35, and quicksilver at $1,12½ per lb, cash and time.

FEATHERS—Prices are steady with limited sales at 28 to 30c per lb; 50 sacks sold at a price not public.

FISH—No sales of mackerel except in a retail way. We quote No. 1 at $10 to 12,50 and No. 2 $9a9 50 per bbl for small and large size.

FRUIT—Sales of 800 boxes Sicily lemons and oranges at $2,37½ per box; 500 bushels dried apples at $1 per bushel. Malaga fruit is inactive.

GINSENG—A sale of 3500 lbs crude at 35c per lb, cash.

HEMP—A sale of 60 bales good hackled American hemp at $134,50 per ton; 10 tons Italian at $175 per ton, both o mos.

HIDES—No sales have transpired.

HOPS—First sort are held at 25c per lb.

INDIGO—Sales of 10 chests Bengal at 24a95, and Madras at 85c per lb. on time.

IRON—Prices are nearly steady. Sales of 150 tons anthracite pig at $27,50—small parcels command $28a29. A sale of 50 tons charcoal pig at $31, for forge purposes. In bloom and boiler plates, no sales of any extent reported.

LEAD—No sales of pig lead. Holders ask $4,62½, cash.

LUMBER—Prices are steady. Sales of eastern lath at $1,87½ per M.

MOLASSES—Prices are well sustained. Sales of 750 bbls New Orleans, at 28a28½ cts 4 and 6 mos; 260 hhds Cienfuegos at 23 and 23c on; Matanzas at 23c, all on time. One or two cargoes have arrived that were previously sold. 100 hhds Old Trinidad sold at 22 and some inferior at 25c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Market quiet—sales of spirits of turpentine at 65c, none held at 67c. Tar—Sales in lots at $1,50a2,75. In rosin no sales of any extent.

OIL—Prices are steady, sales of linseed at 61a62 cts. Lard oil at 67a73. Sperm fall at 90a95 and winter at 95 cts a$1. 50 bbls whale were sold at 36c, 75 bbls winter at 41c, 6 mos.

PLASTER—A cargo was sold at $3 per ton.

RICE—Has declined. Sales of 160 tcs at 4½c per lb, cash and 4 mos.

SALT—No cargo sales reported.

SEEDS—Moderate sales of fair to prime cloverseed at $5,25 to 5,50 per bushel—chiefly at $5,25a5,37½ for good parcels. A sale of timothy seed at $2,50. 50 bags Calcutta linseed at $1,45 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales of any extent reported.

SPIRITS—Brandy and gin are inactive at former rates. A sale of 100 bbls N. E. rum at 27c. Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 22, and one lot at 21c. Sales in bbls at 23c, Small lots bring 23½c.

SUGARS—Most of the receipts of New Orleans sugar have been stored for better prices, without being offered in the market. Sales of 450 hhds at from 5¾ to 7½c per lb. for ordinary to prime quality. A cargo of 2250 bags and bbls white Brazil at a price not public; 1400 bags at 9½; 90 boxes Cuba, white at 10, and brown at 7½c per lb, on time. 32 hhds Porto Rico, price withheld.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½, and city 7½a7¾c per lb.

TEAS—Prices have not varied for months past.

TOBACCO—Prices have not varied and the demand continues limited. Sales only in small lots to the trade.

WINE—A catalogue of wines was offered by auction and chiefly disposed of.

WOOL—Prices are steady. Sales to a moderate extent at 27½a29c for common and pulled; 30a32c for ¼ and ½ blood, and 34c for full blood.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool, flour 2s 6da3s per bbl. Wheat 10d per bushel. There is more offering, and a prudent vessel is loading at these rates.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered 1200 head beef cattle, including 700 taken to New York; 500 swine and 1500 sheep. Prices—Beeves all sold at $5a6¼ the 100 lbs. Swine—Sales range at $5¼a5½ the 100 lbs. Sheep—The market ranges at $1¼a4 each. Hay—The bulk of the sales were at 90c a$1 for good timothy the cwt; and straw at $1¼a1½ the 100 bundles.

New York, Feb. 23.—At market—1000 beef cattle, (500 from the south,) 80 cows and 1500 sheep. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote $5a7. Cows—All at market were taken at $17 to 37. Sheep—We quote $2a4—all.

Richmond, Feb. 19.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $4,50a5,00; nett $5a6,00, according to quality. Mutton—$2a5, according to quality. Hogs—$5½ per 100.

MORE NEWS FROM THE NORTH ABOUT SCARPA'S OIL!—The following has just been received from our agents:
BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 12, 1846.

Mr. Gumpert—By way of just deference to your celebrated remedy, SCARPA'S OIL, we will add, that many of our customers for the article express their opinion with much gratitude, and some, (to use their phrase,) would not sacrifice the relief obtained for a fortune. Sales, as you see, are better than formerly. Remaining in the meanwhile, yours truly, PECK & SPEAR.

For sale by B. B. Gumpert, No. 130 North Second st. and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South Third street, Philada.

DYSPEPSIA.—This distressing complaint is a weakness of the digestive organs, and like every other disease, is caused by impurity of the blood. The gastric juice, a fluid peculiar to the stomach, when secreted from bad blood, is deficient in those wonderful solvent properties which are of such vital importance to digestion. Consequently, the food, instead of being speedily dissolved, often becomes absolutely spoiled or putrified in the stomach; hence bad breath, sour belching, costiveness, pains in the stomach, cholic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other dreadful complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Dyspepsia, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and purify the blood. Four or five of said Pills, taken at night on going to bed, will in all cases give relief, and if continued for a short time, will not only make a perfect cure of Dyspepsia, but will assuredly drive pain or distress of every description from the body.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that a man, by the name of Samuel Reed, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, in Gay street, two doors east of Market street, Baltimore, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person, unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.
WILLIAM WRIGHT.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	2 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $3, Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25, other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
feb 28 10m O. CONRAD.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 3d to the 13th February.

February 3, received from

P. Springer	[illegible]	G. G. Green	2 00
J. Pyle	2 00	L. N. White	4 00
A. Flory	2 00	P. C. Graham	3 00
C. Tomlinson	1 00	R. W. Smith	2 00
J. S. Golding	8 00	W. B. Carter	20 00
C. B. Matteson	2 00	G. S. Carter	2 00
W. Williams	2 00	P. T. Brown	2 00
G. G. Crosby	10 00	N. M. Mish	2 00
M. Boas	2 00	M. B. Cates	4 00
P. L. Perry	15 00	T. W. Taylor	2 00
February 4.			
Dr. W. Price	2 00	J. S. Healy	2 00
Mr. H. Pilet	1 00	J. R. Massey	2 00
W. Johnson	3 00	W. S. Long	2 00
A. L. P. Vairin	1 00	Col. J. P. Hardy	3 00
W. Gibson	2 00	W. Douglass	2 00
J. Lanius	2 00	W. Wilson	2 00
J. Q. Roads	2 00	E. Joynt	2 00
A. P. Chatham	2 00	C. Worden	10 00
D. B. Jones	15 00	J. S. Kelsey	10 00
T. Tefft	2 00	A. Hine	10 00
D. Trapahgan	2 00	F. McNeely	2 00
G. H. Peter	3 00	R. Stott	2 00
J. E. Hoskinson	3 00	B. L. Lines	20 00
W. W. Winkler	2 00		
February 5.			
A. L. Moore	2 00	E. L. Cutts	2 00
G. Sanford	6 25	H. King	6 25
W. Burlo	2 00	G. W. Boley	2 00
Capt. J. A. Selley	1 50	L. W. Flinn	2 00
Miss L. Walbech	2 00	J. W. Morris	3 00
G. E. Rawlins	2 00	M. P. Tucker	5 00
J. Pierce	3 00	Miss S. C. Ruffner	2 00
J. Albertson	4 00	J. B. Tilghman	4 00
Rev. J. H. Kennard	2 00	L. F. Fowler	2 00
J. Paxson	2 00	P. W. Palmer	20 00
S. Johnson	5 00	N. S. Kille	15 00
H. W. Dorsey	2 00	J. S. Atkinson	2 00
J. Loveland	5 00	D. R. Murphy	2 00
S. Waterman	2 00		
February 6.			
J. Rich	1 25	W. Maynes	2 00
E. Lancaster	1 25	E. C. Brown	4 00
W. Aarons	10 00	F. Wayne	5 00
P. Erwin	2 00	T. R. Richards	1 00
J. Elliott	2 00	P. L. Peter	15 00
Turner & Fisher	2 00	G. S. Gardner	4 00
G. Gilbert	2 00	M. S. Norton	8 00
Capt. J. P. Offers	2 00	G. W. Wilkinson	20 00
J. Fagan	2 00	N. T. Turner	2 00
M. L. Dawson	2 00	O. V. Shepherd	2 00
O. F. Taylor	4 00	P. K. Griner	2 00
H. T. Gover	6 00	L. L. Lewis	4 00
T. Hays	2 00		
February 7.			
S. E. Smith	2 00	M. S. West	1 00
H. W. Jones	2 00	C. F. May	2 00
W. Lamb	2 00	R. Bethell	2 00
J. Waldo	2 00	J. Clough	2 00
W. A. Jones	5 00	B. L. Deacon	15 00
J. L. Brattin	3 00	G. S. Cone	10 00
J. Obenshain	2 00	P. D. Cummins	8 0
J. Murray	2 00	S. W. Rowe	5 00
P. Quigley	3 00	P. & D. Pitts	4 00
W. E. McDowell	2 00	Capt. G. W. Blyse	4 00
J. Cleaver	5 00	L. N. Gregg	2 00
D. O. Roberts	2 00	N. T. Miller	20 00
Mrs. M. Wilkens	4 00	Geo. Smith	2 00
T. A. Gray	1 25		
February 9.			
H. Roberts	6 00	C. A. Brainard	1 50
S. Robinson	16 00	J. Garrett	2 00
G. S. Leibert & Co.	14 00	L. N. Jump	4 00
C. C. Wilson	2 00	G. C. Smith	20 00
Miss M. Gibbs	2 00	N. P. Brower	4 00
W. Snodgrass	2 00	L. O. Snyder	10 00
J. W. Willford	2 00	R. M. Martin	2 00
A. Reed	10 00	L. & P. King	2 00
W. Lowth	2 00	J. M. Cook	15 00
A. Dehavin	2 00	P. S. Trite	2 00
W. H. H. Giles	5 00	M. G. Bland	4 00
J. S. Schooner	2 00	N. D. Stoner	2 00
F. D. Ingersoll	2 00	B. C. Barber	2 00
February 10.			
R. J. Haldeman	2 00	Mrs. M. Moran	2 00
G. Waltman	2 00	M. G. Miskel	4 00
B. Mooney	6 00	L. G. Cline	20 00
J. Howard	3 00	B. W. Burton	10 00
J. J. Cockrell	2 00	S. C. Nash	8 00
Capt. A. Adams	4 00	B. S. Kirk	4 00
J. B. Allgood	2 00	C. N. Harber	6 00
D. McCullough	7 00	P. S. Jones	10 00
J. H. Stevenson	30 00	G. V. White	2 00
J. Test	5 00	C. S. Murray	2 00
S. K. Bechet	2 00	B. Macdonald	2 00
D. Beebee	2 00	P. T. Green	2 00
G. C. Shaw	2 00		
February 11.			
A. Hine	10 00	S. Currier	1 00
S. A. Hoskins	5 00	S. Healy	2 00
D. M. Barkley	5 00	Dr. J. B. Willauer	2 00
B. M. Gross	5 00	S. Fairlamb	1 25
C. H. Brook	1 25	J. Longstreth	1 00
A. French	2 00	G. S. Walker	20 00
L. Rucker	2 00	P. S. Morton	15 00
W. T. Graves	2 50	R. W. Harvey	8 00
A. H. Blowers	5 00	Col. G. Carter	4 00
C. Smith	2 00	Maj. S. Jones	8 00
J. Singer	[illegible]		
A. P. Megrath	2 00	L. T. Porter	2 00
W. W. Freeborn	2 00	M. G. Moree	2 00
February 12.			
T. Shepherd	2 00	R. B. Archer	10 00
T. G. Randolph	1 50	J. Bichley	10 00
A. Billings & Son	40 00	E. Way	2 00
A. P. Sheldon	5 00	A. McClain	2 00
W. D. Dunn	5 00	J. C. Preston	3 00
B. Babb	5 00	L. C. Gordon	20 00
S. C. King	3 00	P. D. Doane	6 00
F. Russell	2 00	H. H. Hoister	5 00
A. L. Edwards	10 00	B. B. English	4 00
A. B. Crewitt	2 00	N. T. Choate	3 00
S. Barksdale	10 00	C. S. Fish	2 00
B. F. Mebane	2 00	G. A. Gregory	2 00
G. C. Ellis	2 00	H. O. Hanson	2 00
February 13.			
C. H. Stowell	2 00	E. T. Arnold	2 00
W. L. Mitchell	10 00	L. F. Stevens	20 00
Taylor & Wilde	20 00	R. N. Millett	8 00
J. Stewart	1 25	B. C. Shober	10 00
W. Allen	18 00	G. O. Phillips	15 00
W. Carpenter	2 00	P. G. Fletcher	2 00
J. P. Steiner	2 00	W. T. Enos	2 00
W. G. Mason	2 00	R. S. Curtis	2 00
J. J. Boswell	2 00	B. S. Barton	2 00
Mrs. R. Wilson	2 00	P. G. Hoskins	2 00
J. S. Randall	2 00	L. N. Sharpe	2 00
S. Hood	2 00	B. W. Carroll	2 00
Capt. W. H. Hart	2 00		

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY, 21, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 14th to the 21st February.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	33	39
Asphyxia,	0	1	Gangrene,	1	0
Croup,	0	3	Hemorrhage from Lungs,	0	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	1
——Brain,	0	1	——Bronchi,	2	5
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	——Lungs,	4	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	0
Convulsions,	1	12	Insanity,	1	0
Dropsy,	0	1	Irritation of Brain,	0	1
——Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	2
——Head,	0	6	Old Age,	2	0
——Breast,	2	1	Ovarian Tumor,	1	0
Disease of Chest,	0	2	Palsy,	2	0
——Heart,	1	1	Small Pox,	6	9
——Liver,	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
——Stomach,	1	0	Syphilis,	1	0
Debility,	1	4	Tuberculosis,	1	0
Erysipelas,	1	0	Ulceration of the Throat,	0	1
Eruption,	1	0	Unknown,	1	1
Exposure,	1	0	Violence,	1	0
Fever, Puerperal,	1	0			
——Scarlet,	0	4			
——Typhoid,	1	1	Total,	131—60	71
Carried over,	33	39			

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 13 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 15,	30	30	30
16,	27	31	35
17,	31	37	40
18,	30	34	38
19,	23	28	31
20,	35	37	37
21,	34	38	41

TO BOOKSELLERS, COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, BOOKSELLER, PUBLISHER AND IMPORTER OF FOREIGN BOOKS, 148 CHESNUT STREET, BELOW SEVENTH, PHILADELPHIA,

Begs to call the attention of dealers and others in quest of School, Miscellaneous and other Books, to his extensive assortment, which is continually increased by additions received from all parts of Europe and America.

Purchasers visiting the city will find it for their advantage to call and see his stock which is exceedingly select.

Persons living at a distance can have their orders carefully put up and forwarded with despatch to any part of the United States.

Books imported to order on the most reasonable terms. It

KID GLOVES CLEANED.—C. EYRE & Co., of New York, takes this method of informing the citizens of Philadelphia, that they have appointed several agents in this city to receive gloves of every color to be cleaned, and from their long experience in the art enables them to guarantee that they will be done in a very superior manner. The undersigned are their agents in Philadelphia.

T. Hosmer, Fancy Store, 199 Chesnut street.
Wm. Curry, N. E. corner of Bank and Chesnut s.
C. Englebert, Chesnut above 10th, N. S.
Mr. Hoffman, No. 28 South 6th street.
C. Widmer—12 South 2d street.
J. Lancaster, 304½ Chesnut street.
Mrs. Atkinson, 53 North 8th street. dec 6-3m*

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. OF ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 123 MAIN ST., above THIRD ST., CINCINNATI. J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH ST., PITTSBURG. OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

ALMANAC.

March, 1846.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
28 SATURDAY,	6 27	5 33	3	
1 SUNDAY,	6 25	5 35	4 40	
2 MONDAY,	6 24	5 36	5 21	
3 TUESDAY,	6 23	5 37	6 8	
4 WEDNESDAY,	6 22	5 38	7 3	First 4 5 31
5 THURSDAY,	6 20	5 40	8 12	Full 12 9 12
6 FRIDAY,	6 19	5 41	9 20	Last 20 8 57
7 SATURDAY,	6 18	5 42	10 40	New 27 1 20

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH QUIN, to Miss MATILDA BROWN, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. W. R. Ducachet, D. D. at St. Stephen's Church, Rev. THOMAS J. DAVIS, to Miss MAGDALEN SWIFT, daughter of Joseph Swift, Esq. late of Bucks county.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. George B. Ide, Mr. JOHN WHITEHEAD, Jr. of Bucks county, to Miss MARTHA ANNA, eldest daughter of Mr. John Follansbee, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. CHARLES F. D'INVILLIERS, to Miss MARY ANN BAUERSACHS, both of this city.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. Elder W. Lane, Mr. DRAPER SMITH, of Plymouth, Luzerne county, to Miss LOUISA MYERS, of Hellam, York county.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. E. Lyons, Mr. ISAAC A. ISAACS, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY L. PYLE, daughter of the late W. B. Pyle, of Richmond, Va.

On the 12th inst. by Friends' ceremony, LEWIS COOPER, to REBECCA, daughter of Elijah Lewis, all of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 27th of Jan. by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, Mr. SAMUEL H. SHOCK, of Baltimore, to Miss EMMA M. SPEER, of Philadelphia.

In March, 1845, by Friends' ceremony, Mr. CHARLES POTTS, of New York, to Miss CATHARINE WENDELL, daughter of the late Harman Wendell, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. EVAN B. SPRAGG, to Miss TEMPERANCE GASKILL, all of the village of West Creek, Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. L. Dennis, Mr. JOHN MURPHY, of Bridgewater, to Miss CAROLINE FOUDERAY, of the Northern Liberties.

At Manhasset, Long Island, on 5th day, the 19th inst. RICHARD F. HEVILAND, of New York, to MATILDA HICKS, daughter of the late Robert M. Hicks, of the former place.

Died,

On the 23d inst. SAMUEL R. BENNETT, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mr. THOMAS LAWRENCE, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 23d inst. WILLIAM, son of W. B. and Elizabeth Severn, aged 2 years, 2 months and 12 days.

On the 23d inst. Miss ELIZABETH JANE, eldest daughter of John and Ann Ross, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN VAUGHAN, aged 60 years.

On the 21st inst. JOHN HENRY DIXEY, son of the late Joshua and Elizabeth B. Dixey, aged 5 years, 5 months and 14 days.

On the 12th inst. Miss MARGARET A. THOMPSON, in her 19th year, daughter of the late John Thompson, formerly of Del. county, Pa.

On the 22d inst. ANNA M. youngest daughter of Elias A. McMaken, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. HELEN H. LELE, aged 38 years.

On the 22d inst. WM. V. HILL, aged 41 years.

On the 22d inst. in the 49th year of his age, GEO. W. FARQUHAR, Esq.

On the 20th inst. JANE, wife of Geo. C. Wilson, in the 51st year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. JANE, wife of Matthew Dick, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. MARGARET GODEY, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 22d inst. HENRY DILLER, only child of Theo. J. and Susan Hough, aged 13 months.

On the 21st inst. Miss SOPHIA S. STOKES, daughter of the late Robert Stokes.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. FRANCES GREEN, formerly of Trenton, N. J., aged 47 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. FERDINAND L. LAIRD, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. JOHN SCOUT, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. ANN F. PELTON, aged 27 years.

On the 20th inst. JOSEPH RHOADS, aged 64 years, formerly of Norriton, Montgomery county.

On the 20th instant, EDWARD, infant son of Henry and Sarah Bachman, aged 2 years, 11 months and 2 days.

On the 19th inst. GEORGE TRINWITH, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. CHAS. MCGOALRICH, aged 3 months and 20 days, son of Edward McGoalrick.

On the 19th inst. ANNIE, infant daughter of Edwin E. and Susannah D. Heilsh.

On the 19th inst. Lieut. JOHN C. HENRY, of the U. S. Navy, aged 28 years.

At Kingston, Middlesex county, N. J. on the 28th ult. of consumption, SARAH, daughter of John Van Tilbough, Esq. in the 23d year of her age, leaving many relatives and friends to mourn her early death. In the trying hour of dissolution she leaned confidingly upon her Saviour, satisfied that to be with Him was better than life, for it was eternal bliss.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS.
No. 11 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, February 28, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	22 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	— dis
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	1½ dis
Brownsville	1½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	½ dis
Towanda	——
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	
Pottsville	½ dis
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	1 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	2½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Far and Millers bk	——
DIS'T OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Tonawanda	50 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Oswego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Pascoag Bank	10 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branches	1 dis
Far. Bk. [illegible]	
Valley Bk. & branch	1 dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bank of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country Banks	5a7 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	——
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	25 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	——
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	——
Bank of Milwaukie	——
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	——

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' TRADE SOCIETY.

AT A MEETING OF THE JOURNEYMEN Tailors' Trade Society, the following communication was received from Mr. FRANCIS MAHAN, Publisher and Instructor in the art of Garment Cutting, accompanied by a Plate of Fashions, which accurately illustrates the beau monde.

To the President and Members of the Journeymen Tailors' Trade Society of the City and County of Philadelphia.

Gentlemen,—Having with considerable care got up a Plate of Fashions, and exhibited it at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, where it was much admired, thereby contributing my small mite to the credit of the trade of which I am, and ever shall be proud, it has occurred to me, that the opportunity is now offered which I have long sought, to bestow some small testimonial of my regard and best wishes for my brother tradesmen, which I do by presenting this Plate and Frame which I hope you will do me the favor and honor to accept, with my sincere wishes for the best interests of the Society. A society so well calculated to protect the weak against the strong, and equalise opportunities for promotion in the world, should command the interest of a liberal minded community, as it does the affectionate solicitude of your obedient servant, F. MAHAN,
No. 211 Chesnut street.

After the above was read, the thanks of the Society were unanimously tendered to Mr. Mahan, and a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Wm. Walker, Wm. Martin and Robert Haine, were appointed to express personally, to one whom we greet, as a valued and practical member of the craft, the high consideration and esteem in which he is held as a man, who stands at the head of his profession, both as a practical Tailor and Publisher of Fashions. The committee after a short absence returned accompanied by Mr. Mahan, when an interchange of cordial greeting took place, and the President in the name and on behalf of the Society, again made acknowledgments to Mr. Mahan for his beautiful present to the Society. D. W. MOORE, President.

G. S. GLENNETT, Secretary.

WM. WALKER,
WM. MARTIN, } Committee.
ROBERT HAINS,

MASTER TAILORS, JOURNEYMEN AND APPRENTICES are informed that the Protractor System of Garment Cutting as arranged and taught by Samuel A. & Asahel F. Ward, has become the most popular of all Rules and Systems in use by the trade throughout the United States.

The PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS AND TAILORS' ARCHETYPES is published quarter yearly, for the use of Tailors, in which Diagrams, delineated by the above named System for Coats, Pants, Vests, &c., in the prevailing style forms the most valuable part of the work, handsomely executed Pictures accompanies the Spring and Fall Reports.

This work, with the necessary apparatus for drafting, can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, subject to magazine postage. The System is so plainly described in the Reports, that subscribers can learn it without oral tuition. If verbal instruction is desired, agents residing nearest to the applicant will be referred to by the publishers, S. A. & A. F. Ward, No. 53 Walnut St., corner of Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TERMS for subscription $5 per year, which may be remitted through the agency of the Post Master where the applicant resides. jan 31-3m

INFORMATION IS WANTED of SAMUEL LEWIS, formerly of Schuylkill county, Penn., from whence he went some twenty years ago to the western part of this State or to the State of Ohio, and has not been heard of since. If still living, which is doubtful, he may on application hear of something much to his advantage. If dead the undersigned would feel under a great obligation to any person that would give him information of that fact. Address, JAMES L. MORRIS,
Administrator of MOR'D LEWIS, dec'd.
Morgantown, Pa., Feb. 1846. feb 21-4t*

NEW PROSPECTUS, 1846.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FORMERLY

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

The publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer a new prospectus to their friends and the public. In this day of newspaper enterprise they are determined to maintain their old reputation, and *keep ahead of all competitors!* For quarter of a century the "Post" has been the most durably popular of the weekly newspapers; and if capital, enterprise, and a host of writers, can effect their aim, the publishers are resolved that the "Post" shall still lead "the field."

A PERFECT MAGAZINE.

Owing to the large size of the paper, we are enabled to publish, weekly, as much matter as is contained in any one number of the monthly magazines: so that, for less money, the subscriber yearly obtains four times as much reading. Besides this, numerous illustrations, engraved by competent artists, will, hereafter, frequently grace our columns, rendering "The Post," in all respects equal, and in many respects superior to the best magazine!

ORIGINAL TALES.

Every week, one or more original tales of the first *American writers*, grace the columns of this paper. We eschew the common practice of copying stories from foreign magazines, except in rare instances: pictures of American life, and the romance of American history, told by competent American writers, are what the readers of this country required. Our aim, however, shall not be confined to this point alone. To make the Post a useful as well as a pleasant companion, it will have a thorough

NEWS DEPARTMENT,

which shall contain the latest intelligence, comprising a Washington Letter, News from New York, General News, Foreign News, Monthly Letters from England, &c. &c. Together with all Important Public Documents in full; and occasional Reports of Important Congressional Debates. Also Reports of such of the Public Lectures, for which Philadelphia is famous, as may interest our readers. Everything, in short, suited for a Family Paper will be found in the Post.

AGRICULTURAL.

As many farmers do not take an Agricultural Paper, it shall hereafter be a part of our plan to give full and late intelligence on Agricultural Matters:—viz., New Discoveries, New Manures, Remarks on Soils, &c., &c. This department will be very complete. Full and accurate *Reports of the Markets* will also be found in every number.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The great size of our sheet enables us, not only to be a Family Paper, but to devote some space especially, each week, to the Ladies' Department, in which all matters interesting to the sex will be noticed, including The Fashions, New Receipts, &c., &c.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A department, under this head, will be devoted to Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Puzzles, Arithmetical Questions, and other like matters, interesting to adults as well as to the young.

"LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

A series of Letters from J. BAYARD TAYLOR, the printer poet, now on a pedestrian tour through Europe, are being published in the "Post." These letters have attracted great attention, and are said to be the best since the celebrated letters of Brooks.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion.

EARLIEST AND BEST.

As it is important to have the *latest* news, our columns will always be found the freshest in this respect of any cotemporary. In literature also, we shall possess great facilities for giving novelties!

HUMOROUS ARTICLES.

A good laugh is better than a pound of medicine; and the "Post" will give *original* humorous sketches, a weekly melange of fun, choice scraps of humor, witticisms, &c., &c. Our dish will always be a merry one, let the world wag as it may! In a word, we shall still remain

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND,

a paper indispensable to country readers, in consequence of its

ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;
BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;
SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, OR NOTABLES.

Those who have not subscribed for this paper will find that the terms are as cheap as the matter is inviting.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT JOSEPH DECOU, of the Township of Trenton, county of Mercer, and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims under oath or affirmation within the term of six months.

JONATHAN STEWARD, Assignee.

Dated Trenton, Feb. 9th, 1846. feb 21 3t

MANUAL OF HEALTH, AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.

THE CHEAPEST PERIODICAL IN THE world, being published at the astonishing low price of twelve cents a year.

This little sheet will be acceptable as

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

because its columns will contain a large share of miscellaneous and interesting matter. It will be valuable to the business man, because it will serve as a regular monthly

COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR,

and to the Invalid, the Manual of Health will be above all price, because it will contain copious hints as to the best means of preventing and

CURING EVERY FORM OF DISEASE

to which the human body is subject.

Published simultaneously in PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK and BOSTON, on the first Saturday of every month, under sanction of the North American College of Health.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Principal Office, 169 Race street, Philadelphia. Branch Offices, 288 Greenwich street, New York, and 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Terms. One Copy, twelve months, 12 Cents; Ten Copies for a Dollar; payable within the year to some authorised agent for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

All communications to be directed to the "Manual of Health, and Counterfeit Detector," free of postage.

N. B.—Copies of the MANUAL OF HEALTH will be delivered gratuitously to all who will take the trouble to call at either of the offices above named.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, 169 Race street.

Application for Agencies for WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, to be made at the Principal Office, 169 RACE ST., Philadelphia. jan 31-3m

MITCHELL'S NEW MAP OF TEXAS, OREGON, AND CALIFORNIA.

ON ONE SHEET, ROYAL SIZE. No pains or expense have been spared in the execution of this work. The Map represents that part of North America which extends from lat. 26° to lat 56° N., and from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. It includes the State of Texas, Oregon as claimed by the United States, and the whole of Upper California, together with the adjoining regions of the State and Territory of Iowa, the Missouri Territory, the Indian Territory, and a considerable portion of Mexico and Old California, and some part of British America. It embraces, also, the most recent published information extant, including that derived from Nicollet's Map of the Country between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; Map of Oregon, by Capt. Wilkes, U. S. N.; Map of the Explorations in Oregon, California, &c., by Capt. Fremont, U. S. A.; the Congressional and other Maps of Texas, the latest Maps of Mexico, &c. The Emigrant Route to Oregon, via the South Pass, and the Traders' Route to Santa Fe, are distinctly traced, and all the Counties in Texas are shown on the Map.

Any person who will remit me Five Dollars, shall have Ten Copies of the Map, in sheets, folded for the pocket, together with ten copies of the descriptive matter, (40 pages duodecimo,) forwarded by mail, without any delay. The postage will not exceed, at the present rates, five cents per copy, for the Map and Accompaniment, to any part of the United States.

S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
Map Establishment, N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada. jan 10 3m

50 TRAVELLING MAP AGENTS WANTED.

THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO ENGAGE, in the sale of his MAPS, and publications a number of young or middle aged men of strictly moral and industrious habits. A capital of from $100 to $300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Testimonials of character will be required. The following are the principal works to be circulated. Large Map of the World; Large County and Township Map of the United States; National Map of the United States; Map of the Western States, colored in counties; Map of the State of New York; Tanner's Universal Atlas, 72 Maps, greatly improved edition, and Atlas of History for the use of schools and families. Also a large variety of Pocket Maps.

A constant supply of Maps will be kept at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the convenience of Agents doing business of the Western and South-Western States. Prompt attention will be paid to all communications addressed to C. B. Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the subscriber,
oct 11 3m* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and 7th streets, Philada.

RESUMED.

JOHN B. STRYKER,

Of the late firms of Newbold & Stryker, and Stryker & Pogue, has resumed

THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BUSINESS,

And now offers for sale, at Nos. 12 and 14 Bank street, Philadelphia,

Adjoining Myers, Claghorn & Co's Auction Store, No. 78 Market Street,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH, BRITISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Chiefly purchased at Auction, at a very small advance for Cash, or City Acceptances.

Believing that his long experience in purchasing, will enable him to sell his Goods at the lowest market prices, he invites his old friends, and others wishing to buy, to favor him with a call. ly 10-ly

Selected Poetry.

THE CRUSHED HEART.

BY JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

Oh! poor crush'd, bleeding heart, for thee
There is no bliss on earth,
No star to light thy destiny,
Nor love, nor smile, nor mirth;
A thick and heavy cloud is spread
Upon thy once fair sky!
While all thy hopes, now sear'd and dead,
Within thy bosom lie.

Ah, thus it is with life's short day,
From childhood's earliest hour:
The heart soon breaks in agony,
And withers like a flower.
The morn no sooner lights the sky
With beauty's kindling ray,
'Till all our dreams of happ'ness die,
And pass from earth away.

The friends I priz'd the most betray'd,
While those who lov'd me best
Have long been in the church-yard laid
With clods upon their breast:
And not a scene their presence cheer'd,
An hour they gave to me,
But seem by contrast more endear'd,
To mock thy misery.

The hopes I cherish'd with delight,
Which youthful fancy rears,
To which I gave my day, my night,
My brightest, happiest years,
Are scatter'd like the leaves that fall
On Autumn's dying bed,
When Winter flings his icy pall
O'er Nature's withered head.

Oh, poor Crushed Heart! how oft it seems
As though thy pulse had fled,
And all thy lov'd romantic dreams
Were numbered with the dead!
The happy, blithesome hours long past,
That never will return
Upon the present—shadows cast,
Like moonlight, on our urn.

Oh, that I had not been—nor known
The beautiful and fair
That from this glorious world have flown
And left me to despair!
Oh that the lov'd, who still remain,
Had been as they—so pure—
Then this poor heart could not complain,
Nor death's dark presence woo.

The morning's past,—the noon hath come—
The evening shades the sky:
I'm tending to the lonely tomb—
Where all our sorrows die;
My wing is broken—spirit crush'd!
Poor heart, thou'rt torn and riv'n!
But all my woes will soon be hush'd,
In yonder calm, bright Heaven.

Domestic Happiness.

MR. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING MR. CAUDLE AGAIN PERPLEXED WITH DOMESTIC FINANCE.

"Is it not a most extraordinary thing that I can't sit down to enjoy a bit of breakfast, but under my nose there's a paper for taxes? *It's just been left, and it's Susan's fault?* No!—it's your fault, Mrs Caudle: you know that such things at such a time always affect my appetite, and it's my belief that you have 'em put there to save your cupboard. Taxes—taxes! What? *You don't make 'em?* No: but what's quite as bad, you're always plaguing me about them. I can't help saying it, Mrs. Caudle but what a much nicer wife you'd be, if there was no money.

"But I know it: when a woman likes to be extravagant, let a man do what he will he's no match for her. I see that every day. Only yesterday I saw an old coat of mine—a very good coat too—on old Digges. Ha! my dear first wife used to turn my left-off clothes into beautiful mugs. But then to be sure she had some respect for my exertions. She used to calculate how and where the money came from. But, I must say it, I've no confidence in what's spent here.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Caudle, I'm not a cruel, unjust man—nor have I anything of the tyrant about me—not a bit. But when women happen to be a little younger than their husbands—and that, I knew it to be sure, was your fault when I married you—they are apt to indulge in expense and—I must say it—that last hosier's bill that came in, I don't at all understand. I'm sure by the socks that's down for me, anybody would think I was a centipede. Well can't help sometimes ———— ——— should be glad if I could be disabused—but I can't help now and then thinking that what I've paid for hosiery, you've worn in velvet and silk.

"If I could only be sure of this, I should know very well how to act. *Then* my course would be plain enough. What? *If I'm not sure, why do I accuse you?* Oh, there can be nothing lost by that. For if a woman is blamed when she doesn't deserve it, she's sure some time or other to escape when she does, so there's nothing thrown away, blame her when you will.

"With this liberal axiom, Caudle took his hat: observing to his weeping wife that he might be home to dinner, and he might not."

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE THOUGHT SOMETHING "VERY ODD."

"Anything particular, my dear, in the paper—I mean anything in the military way? *What do I mean?* Oh, nothing. Ha! ha! A little joke of mine—just a little joke. What do you think of the cavalry regiment? *What am I driving at?* Nothing at all. I thought you might have seen 'em. They go by the window, you know, twice a day. *What of it?* Nothing, to be sure. Only, it is odd—I must say it is odd, that one of 'em—a young fellow with sandy mustachios—always turns his head towards this house. I say it's odd—slightly odd. Now, you can't say, he's looking for Miss Loveday. She's gone—thank heaven! at last. I waited till she went before I spoke; because I know how women will stand by one another.

"Well, Miss Loveday is gone—do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle?—and still that fellow with the sandy mustachios looks towards the house. Now, I think that's something very odd. And I should like to know what he's looking for? What? *I'd better ask him?* I shall take my own opinion as to that, Mrs. Caudle: but allow me to say this much—that—ha! there *was* a woman—she never, never caused me the fingerache. That I had never lost that woman! Eh? *You wish I never had?* Ha! *She never gave herself airs about her beauty.* What? *She couldn't?* Mrs. Caudle, I don't wish to say a harsh thing of you—far from it. But permit me, in all good temper to say, that you are not fit to stir the tea of that blessed woman. She never looked about her—never stared at anybody but her own husband when she went out. She never thought there was another such in the world. But I deserved to lose her—I didn't think enough of her then.

"If any soldier had dared to look twice at any house she was in, she'd have shown what she *felt* as a wife, and closed every shutter. But she *did* know her duty—I wish other people did!"

Upon this, the second Mrs. Caudle—poor ill-used soul—simply remarked that "she knew he was a brute," and left him with his own bad thoughts, and his own bohea.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE LEFT HIS WIFE A WIDOW. HIS DEFENCE OF HIS TYRANNY.

Mr. Caudle, ere he left this world, had much more "Breakfast Talk" with his unfortunate wife; but it is believed we have given the principal heads of his discourses; for his topics were like the church bells, they nearly always rang the same morning peal. To the reader who believed in the declaration of the first Mrs. Caudle that her husband "was really an aggravating man," when her prophecy that "the world would at last know him as well as she did," the conduct of the individual towards the ensnared and unfortunate Miss Prettyman may not afford surprise. Caudle himself, however, set up an ingenious if not a credible defence. Prettyman, his brother-in-law, had now and then remonstrated with him. "I don't mean it—upon my life, I mean nothing. I'm very fond of your sister—extremely fond; it's only a habit, my ill-treatment—nothing but a habit."

"A habit!" cried Prettyman, "why, that's what we complain of! That's what we want you to get rid of."

"Impossible, my dear boy—quite impossible. Having lived so many years with the late Mrs. Caudle—though I believe her to be a sainted woman notwithstanding—how was it to be expected that I shouldn't make a natural use of my liberty. You don't suppose I was going to suffer Mrs. Caudle the second to be only another Mrs. Caudle the first,—so you see I bent the bow the other way."

"And this is your defence?" cried Prettyman.

"My excellent friend," said Caudle, "bad temper's catching. Therefore, let folks beware how they come together. If I've been a little bit of a tyrant in my second marriage, 'tis only because I was a slave in the first; and all tyrants, my dear boy, are only slaves turned inside out."

"I can make nothing of that figure," said Prettyman, "but this: that in most marriages there are faults on both sides."

"Exactly so," answered Caudle, "and both I've known."—*End of the Caudle Lectures.*

Ladies' Boudoir.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"Under this head, Miss Walters, of the Boston Transcript, addresses an excellent article to her sex. Her strictures will apply to other places beside Boston. We copy her article, though we presume none of our fair readers come within the scope of its admonitions.

"Start not, dear reader! We do not like the subject as usually discussed, any better than you do, nor are we going after the manner of certain champions for the sex, to try to defend the propriety of "*feminine sway*," which we take to be the true phrase which designates what some persons argue for under the head of *the equality of the sexes.* We mean only to apply the caption to a circumstance of daily life which we think demands a speedy remedy. There are certain acts of courtesy, which, in polite life, seem to cover the *rights* of woman, and we mean with especial regard to her appearance in public. In church she has the head seat in the pew assigned her, and on the public promenade, the inside of the walk; whilst in travelling, not unfrequently, she has the best position in the coach relinquished to her, and so on through a long catalogue. There *are* places, however, where we insist that *she has no right to expect any peculiar privilege*, and here we come to the main point of our paragraph. It is well known that the benches at the Howard Athenæum are all numbered, and that an individual purchasing tickets for any particular bench, does not purchase also the right to any particular *seats* on that bench. Now there is little choice about any of the seats in the middle of the theatre, whilst there is much difference in those on *the sides.* The head seats on the side benches are as good as any in the house, but the *end* seats are quite inferior for any view of the stage. Those who go *first* have a right to the head seats, whether men or women, and those who arrive *afterwards* should follow in order of succession. A right to a seat on a particular *bench*, as we said before, has been purchased, but *not* a right to any particular *seat* on that bench. Now, it has happened that we have seen these head seats occupied by gentlemen whose leisure or desire to obtain them has prompted an early attendance. Presently a party of ladies arrives, and with a most peculiar effrontery (such as properly belongs to none but the sterner sex) these females have rudely pushed by the males and have attained the desirable positions. We saw this manœuvre most successfully put into practice a few evenings since, and whilst we blushed for the gentler sex, we admired the resignation of those gentlemen, who, with astonishment depicted on their faces, relinquished the places they had occupied for half an hour to a bevy of females and to the escort also who was with them! Here is a case where we insist that women have no exclusive rights. The same price is paid for all tickets, and no females have a right to start up a party of gentlemen who have gained upon them in point of time, and to take the head of the bench, as they would of a *pew* in church where the rights of courtesy or ownership guided the regulations."

WILSON'S GRAVE.

The following exquisite lines were written, after reading the wish of Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, that they would bury him where the birds might sing over his grave. It may not be generally known that he lies in the burying ground attached to the old Swedes' Church, Philadelphia. At the time of his decease, this cemetery was far out of town, and close to the shady bank of the river. The church was approached by a winding path of trees, and was celebrated for its sylvan beauty. There they buried Wilson, in just such a spot as he desired. But alas! now the advancing city has surrounded the cemetery, and the Ornithologist lies where the clink of hammers and the noise of ship building resounds o'er his grave.

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm festooned with the budding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,
The snow drop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her song of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole shall flit around,
And waken with a mellow gust of sound
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

Salmagundi.

☞ It is painful, (says a western print) to see what horrible work many writers make in quoting from well known authors. An acquaintance, in writing us lately, had occasion to quote what he intended to be, this couplet from Milton:—

"Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euprosyne"—

and how, reader, do you think he had it? It was thus:—

"Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven *ye crept, You froze a knee!*"

Blindness vs. Simplicity.—"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Jones, Jack?"

"Yes, sur."

"And how was he?"

"Why he looked pretty well, but he's very blind."

"Blind! what do you mean?"

"Why, while I wor in the room, he axed me whar my hat wor, and it wor on my head all the while."

☞ A man can be instructed by every thing around him. The fly that buzzes by his ear—the pebble at his foot—the drop of rain and the snow flake, will teach useful and important lessons to the student of Nature. There is not an insect or a grain, that might not employ him for hours. Nature is a large book; what we consider trifles are useful leaves in the great volume. Happy is he who reads them attentively.

☞ If you wish to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your rule not only to be punctual, but a little before-hand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness; for want of it many people live in a constant fever, and pull all about them in a fever too.

☞ A sailor about being married, could not find change enough for the parson's fees. The Reverend gentleman unwilling to tie a couple without the accustomed fee demurred. Jack, placing his hand in his pocket, drew out a few shillings, saying: "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

Scene in a Bowling Alley.—Mr. Hoonlinden, Mr. Campbell:—

Hoon.—"Hollo! Campbell, is that you rolling?"
Camp.—"Yes, it is,
I, sir, rolling rapidly!"—*Bost. Post.*

☞ The artic fox is said to possess the art of barking in true ventriloquism, so that the sound appears to be several rods distant, when in fact the animal lies at your feet.

☞ "Will you take a pinch of snuff, Mr. Sprigins?" "No, I thank you; if my nose had been intended for a dust-hole, it would have been placed the other side up."

☞ A heart dead to the claims of man cannot be alive to the claims of God; and religion cannot flourish on the ground where humanity withers.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

VIOLATING THE TREATY.

[We are indebted to Messrs. Carey & Hart, publishers, for permission to copy the above cut from "Pickings from the Picayune," a volume of humorous sketches, of which we spoke last week. We are also indebted to the same publishers for permission to copy the two following mirth-moving sketches, the first of which is illustrated by the above admirable engraving.]

VIOLATING THE TREATY.

Among the appellants for justice at the Recorder's office yesterday, was Damon Dunfeld, an old Ethiopian, whose woodsaw was hung on his shoulder, like the guitar of a troubadour, ere the days of chivalry had gone by. Damon looked about as wise as an owl in daylight; he appears to have borrowed for the occasion, the dilapidated hat of Jacque Strop, and the remainder of his wardrobe seemed made to match. His hair was a grizzly grey, and his face wrinkled and puckery, like a postilion's boot.

"I wants to hab dis 'ere business settled, massa 'Corder, dagreeable to de constirtushun."

"What business is that?" said the Recorder.

"Whoy, you sees, massa 'Corder, dis 'ere nigga has wiorlated de treaty affer de boundary line was 'greed to 'tween us."

"Dis 'ere nigga," to which Damon alluded, was a big, burly black, with teeth enough to farm the stock in trade of a dentist, and a pair of eyes that curvetted about in their sockets like the revolving lamp of a light-house.

"And pray," said the Recorder, "what has this negro to do with the violation of the treaty or the tracing of the boundary line?"

"I ain't got nuffin at all," said the fellow with the mouthful of bones.

"But I says you hab," said Damon, "and I'll just splain de whole ting to massa Judge, in less time dan I'd be sharpenin' my saw."

"Well, then let us hear you," said the Recorder.

"Wal, it's jus' dis, massa," said Damon; "you sees dis chil' is an old squatter and no mistake. I's had what you may call de pre-emption right to de cuttin' ob all de wood 'tween Canal and Custom-house streets, and de Lebee and Dauphin streets, I doesn't know how long; wal, dis 'ere nigga comes and he cuts into my cus'omers' wood, and cuts me out, for he interferes wid my wested rights. Wal, massa, you sees I speak to him like a book, or jus' as massa Buchanan did to massa Packer-ham, and I conwinces him right up and down dat he ain't no right to 'trude on my bound'ry."

"Guess, ol' fella, I knows de science of wood sawin' well as you do," said the big negro, "dere ain't notin' in de constirtushun to perwent me, nuder."

"Silence, sir," said the Recorder; and silence having prevailed, Damon continued—

"Wal, as I was sayin', massa Judge, when I showed him my exclusib pribileges, he tho't he come de diplermatics ober me, but he couldn't shine, no how, so finerly he 'grees not to cut no wood widin my limerts—no way, no somedever."

"I didn't sign no documents," said the big negro.

"You pledged de word ob a wood-sawyer and a darkey dat you wouldn't," said Damon, "and now I cotches you at it ebery day."

"Did he commit any assault and battery on you?" said the Recorder.

"He didn't," said Damon, "but you sees, massa Judge, he's a strange nigga, and I calls on you to purtect home industry. I wants you to go in for what massa Clay calls de 'Merican system."

The Recorder assured Damon that he would do all in his power to protect home industry, and to support the American system, but that he could not interfere with his rival in business, or prevent his sawing wood within the imaginary boundary lines to which he (the plaintiff) seemed to set up a prescriptive right.

The case was dismissed. Damon shouldered his saw, and pledged himself to bring the case before a higher court.

THE HOOSIER.

An original character is your genuine hoosier. By genuine we mean such an one as has all the attributes that peculiarly belong to the backwoodsmen of the west—one whose manners have suffered neither change nor modification by connexion or association with men of more conventional habits; one, in a word, who, like the trees of his native forest, had no other culture than that bestowed on him by nature. He may well be called a genuine hoosier. There is an originality in his phraseology which, being the imitation of no other known idiom, by none can it be successfully imitated; and there is a primitive freshness in his manner and appearance, which show that while the fetters of fashion and etiquette enchain their millions among what is called the "enlightened classes," he, disdaining all such artificial incumbrances of both limb and language, dresses as he willeth, and talks as he pleaseth. Indeed, with the future antiquarian, it must be a matter of mystery, to account for the noble stand taken by the hoosier against the effeminate frivolity of our times, when almost all of those who pique themselves on being more refined than their fellows, are the victims of its enervating embraces.

So much for the hoosier in general, and now for the hoosier in particular. One of them—a fellow with thews and sinews sufficiently strong to cope with a bear—visited the city last week, and here he still remains. As he is no bad specimen of the class, we mean to chronicle, in part, his sayings and doings. But first of his appearance, as he jumped from his flatboat on to the Levee, when, by the way, he was heard to remark that he "didn't see the reason of folks livin' in a heap this way, where they grew no corn and had no *bars* to kill."

He wore a clay-colored linsey coat and pants, neither of which were cut on the new system, or geometrical principles. The woollen hat of opaque crown had been originally a muddy white, but from exposure to the sun it had become a clay-color too; his brogans were of a uniform color—so was his beard—and so was his hair. Though not the "embodiment," perhaps, of "Clay principles," he was certainly the embodiment of clay coloring.

After being in the city some days, after, in looking for the "lions," having seen the "elephant," and after his funds had become nearly exhausted, —or "whittled down to the small end of nothing," as he himself classically expressed it—he thought he'd look out for a job to recruit his wasted finances. With this view he was directed to an extensive contractor, and we might add, as extensive an expander; for he has men in almost all parts of the city, repairing the older streets, re-paving and expanding the newer ones. He met this *McAdam* of the Western world on Sunday last, standing near the entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, or to use his own words, "he dropped on him like a catamount on a coon." Of course the tedious formula of an introduction was dispensed with, and our western hero bounded at once to matters of business.

He commenced—"How are you, Squire—how d'ye rise?"

"I am well, sir. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Why, Squire, my name's Ruth—Ben Ruth, but you know, as I heard the player fellow say in Louisville, 'there ain't nothin' in a name'. Now you be a tolerable slick looking feller yourself, but I'd have jest as great a respect for you if your name was Smith—John Smith. Names ain't nothin', no how."

"Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do anything for you?"

"I reckon. You see, the fact is, Squire, they had an *al*-mighty deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all*-fired easy it is to make money in it, but it's no 'ham' and all 'hominy,' I reckon. But now, to skin the *bar* at once, can you give me and five other gentlemen employment?"

"If you and five other gentlemen will work at the labor which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five other gentlemen and you may go to work to-morrow."

"Good as pork, Squire—who do you give?"

"Ten bitts a day."

"Why, Squire, I was told you'd give us two dollars a day and *eat us*."

"Two dollars a day and *eat you?* Why, zounds, man, do you take me for a cannibal? Eat you!"

"Oh, hold your hosses, Squire. There's no use gettin' riled, no how. I meant that I heerd you'd give us two dollars a day and throw in the 'chicken fixens' and 'corn doins.' But you can't do it, you say?"

"No, *sir!*"

"Well, as I ain't flush in the financial way, I accept. Let there be no mussing between us."

The Hoosier then learned from the contractor where his office was, and at what hour he would be there next morning; and there *he* was before the appointed time. Now, it happens that the bed-room of the contractor is immediately over his office. He was yet in bed, and indeed asleep, when the Hoosier reached there, for it was not well five o'clock; but he was soon awoke by a very loud, if not very musical matin effort of his western employee, singing.

"Who is that making such a confounded noise there?" said the contractor.

"A good morning, Squire. Why, what on airth keeps you in bed so long? It's a right nice mornin' to be about, I tell you—a fust rate mornin' to go on a hunt."

"Oh, you be shot! Are you prepared to go to work?"

"I'm just awaitin' the word, as Sal Cummins said when she was asked why she didn't marry. You didn't know Sal, Squire—did you? She was an uncommon lookin' gal, and——"

"Oh, I have not time to hear her history. Have you a shovel?"

"No."

"Then you can't go to work."

"But 'spose I buy one. What will it cost, Squire?"

"Ten bitts."

"Ten bitts!—why, that's a day, Squire—ten bitts—three hundred and sixty-five days—fifteen years—why, Squire, I think I ain't worth more than five thousand shovels at that kalk'lation."

"I didn't send for you, my friend, to study Cocker's arithmetic. Get a shovel and go to work, if you will; if not, go about your business."

"'Nuff sed."

He went, bought the shovel, and was shown the scene of his labor, which was to be rooting or ripping up the old paving stones in —— street. Before commencing operations, however, he went into a merchant's office hard by, deliberately stripped off the coat, vest and pantaloons he had on—hung them up, (giving the place the appearance of an old clothes shop,) and taking his working clothes out of his saddlebags, put them on instead of those taken off. The owner of the office came in, and, of course, expressed his displeasure that such a liberty should be taken by a stranger in his office. The hoosier asked him if he thought him "darn't fool enough to dirty his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes?" —said he was a-goin' to take a glass of ginger-pop, and that if he'd jine him, he'd "sport ten cents!"

He is now working away—*mending our ways* daily. He complains that it don't come natural to him. "The Irishers," he says, "can beat him at it; but at making a "clearance," chopping wood, or working a flatboat, he boasts that he could beat a dozen of them.

Our Scrap Book.

OWER TRUE TALE.

We copy the following article from a late London paper. It is emphatically *a tale of wo*, and illustrates in the most touching manner, the ills of poverty, as they are often met with in England and other parts of Europe. In this happy country, surrounded with the blessings which flow from a free Republican government, we can hardly imagine to ourselves the existence of a state of society, where such melancholy scenes, caused by poverty, are of daily occurrence:—

"Mr. Wakley, M. P., held an inquest on Tuesday, on the body of John Grainger, a blacksmith, aged 27, who committed suicide, and attempted to kill his wife and brother. The wife of the deceased stated that her husband was out of work, and all they had to live upon was what his brother earned—6s. a week. On the Saturday preceding his death they lay in bed all day, as they had nothing to eat. During that week he attempted to thrice cut her throat and his brother's while asleep. His brother leaped into the street out of the window to save his life. Her husband then endeavored to hang himself. Last Christmas Eve he got a quarter days' work, for which he was paid two shillings. When he returned home he exclaimed 'All I have are two shillings, and I owe my rent. They will turn us out. What will become of you?' She endeavored to comfort him, but in vain. About nine o'clock at night he took his brother with him to purchase, as he said, two ounces of salts, but would not let his brother go into the druggist's shop with him. He returned home in three minutes, and getting two cups, he diluted the half of one package in each cup. He then said to witness, 'I am going to take some salts, I have got an ounce for you and an ounce for myself. It will do you good.' He drank off his cup, and fastening the door seized her, threw her on the bed holding in his hand an open razor, and exclaimed, 'I am not going to leave you for any one after I die.' She implored of him to spare her life, and called for help, when he said, 'If you cry out, I will dash your brains out.' Witness at length released herself from his grasp, and succeeded in opening the door and procuring assistance. He, however, pulled her back and kissed her, after which he made an effort to snatch the remainder of the poison from the landlady, but she threw it into the fire. A doctor was sent for but he was a corpse before his arrival. They were in the deepest poverty. The last article she pawned was her apron, for sixpence, and she had to borrow the dress in which she then appeared. Her husband was an exceedingly sober, hard working, steady young man. They never quarrelled. Thrice in one night, whilst out of employ, he drew a razor across her throat, and on one occasion he drove nails into the door to hang himself. She ascertained that he had bought two ounces of oxalic acid instead of salts, with a portion of which he poisoned himself. Richard Grainger, brother of the deceased, confirmed the last witness's evidence. Although he was seventeen years of age, so stinted in his growth and so poverty-stricken was he, that he appeared to be not more than twelve years of age. He was such a picture of squalid misery as to horrify both coroner and jury. He said that his brother had been struck upon the head with a hammer two years ago, and that ever since he complained of a pain in it. Deceased's landlady gave him, his wife, and brother, a most excellent character. Verdict, insanity. The coroner and jury raised a subscription towards the relief of the wretched woman and her brother-in-law."

THE UNIVERSE GOD'S TEMPLE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Oh Nature! thou'rt the Temple of our God!
Thy silence is His voice, thy smile His look,
Thy Harmony is His, and all thy excellence
Is but the type of his Omnipotence!
You arching sky's the roof of his abode,
Spangled with starry lustres that outshine
All the bright jewels of imperial pride;
The Earth's His footstool, carpeted with flowers,
That throw up incense in their gratitude;
The vast, unwearied, melancholy main,
Boundless and fathomless, that wraps the Earth,
Within its winding sheet of cooling waves,
In its majestic fury speaks his wrath,
And in its calms, his mercy and forgiveness.
The fire that belches from the mountain's womb,
Streaking the angry skies with blood red hues;
The gale that maddens all the peaceful air,
And sweeps the labor'd works of man away;
The earthquake, and the forked shaft of Heav'n,
Wing'd with a death so swift that none can feel,
All are His slaves that crouch beneath his pow'r,
And do his bidding, without saying nay.
The laws of nature are the laws of God;
The humble creatures of his sovereign will;
By whose obedient agency he sways
His vast creation of the universe.

This is *His* Temple! this the fitting shrine,
For Man, the great High Priest appointed here,
The only being who can speak His praise,
For the dumb beasts, and all inanimate things,
That have no voice to tell their gratitude,
To offer up his humble orisons,
All other Temples are the work of man—
This—this alone is worthy of his God.

Hints to Ladies.—A Philadelphia physician, in a letter to a lady, on the deleterious effect of wearing corsets, has the following remarks:

"I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unincumbered with slabs of walnut and tiers of whalebone. The constitutions of our females must be excellent to withstand, in any tolerable degree, the terrible inflictions of the corset eight long hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the honest ox, and enclose his sides with hoop-poles, and put an oaken plank beneath him, and gird the whole with a bed-cord and demand of him labor. He would labor, indeed, but it would be for breath."

☞ Bonaparte was accustomed to attach much importance to the education of youth by their natural instructresses, their mothers.

Choice Poem.

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gaiety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled."

Midst the palace bowers of Hungary—imperial Presburg's pride—
With the noble born and beautiful assembled at her side,
She stood, beneath the summer heaven—the soft winds sighing on,
Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers in the sun.
The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange-bloom,
The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek perfume—
The willow crossing with its green some statue's marble hair—
All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—leant gloomily apart,
With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a shadow on her heart,
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath she known?
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own?
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle field or bower?—
The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet-hour?
Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Danube's tide?
And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jewel'd head and flung her veiling tresses back,
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black.—
A tear fell on the orange leaves;—rich gem and mimic blossom,
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing bosom:
"Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all is joy around,
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and blossom'd ground;
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when nature's brow is fair,
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air!

"But ask not me to share with you the beauty of the scene—
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated green;
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun:
I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath done—
The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud, the fountain leaping forth—
The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green robes of earth—
I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside from all,
And never more my heart must own their sweet but fatal thrall!

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,
And closer to my bursting heart, his hallow'd image wear;
And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfolding day by day,
And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers only may;
But no, I may not cling to earth—that voice is in my ear,
That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail and the bier,
The cold and starless night of death where day may never beam,
The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath no dream!

"Oh, God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more than all, to know
The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his fearful blow;
To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide roll on;
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sunshine gone;
To count the days, the few short days, of light and life and breath—
Between me and the noisome grave—the voiceless home of death—
Alas! if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my doom,
Let not thy frowning, Oh my God! lend darkness to the tomb.

"Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid the chill
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with me still;
I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a tear-drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should sadden him.
But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath its way;
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love may stay.
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy is high;
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to weep and die."

* * * * * *

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile;
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the aisle;
The banners of a kingly race waved high above the dead;
A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at its head,
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and tearful eye—
He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair bride could die;
And sad and wild above the throng the funeral anthem rung;
"Mourn for the hope of Austria, mourn for the loved and young!"

The wail went up from other lands—the valleys of the Hun,
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine and sun;
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound went by—
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled with the cry;
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slovak at his cave,
The bow'd at the Escurial, the Magyar sternly brave—
All wept the early stricken flower, and burst from every tongue:
"Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel—mourn for the loved and young!"

Choice Selections.

The Belle of Genoa.—Mr. Headley, in his interesting volume of travels entitled "Letters from Italy," gives the following glowing description of the belle of Genoa:

"There, for the first time, I saw the belle of the city, the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and was surprised to find that she had the light complexion and rosy cheeks of the Saxon race. She was beautiful—very, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire; it was what I would term of the *doll* kind. But oh, such spirits, and a dazzling quantity of diamonds!—one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at two hundred thousand dollars! But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather, and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her."

☞ A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls said, "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was the golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

☞ The Uncle Sam says it is agreeable to sleep in a steamboat near the boiler, and overhear the engineer warning his men not to carry too much steam, as he doubts whether that boiler will hold out to the end of the trip

☞ There is a hot spring down east, where all the inhabitants of a village boil their dinners, at a great saving of expense for fuel. An editor came near being put in, as he was mistaken for a cabbage.

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 14, 12, 13, 23, was an Indian Warrior.
My 2, 16, 4, is used for fishing.
My 3, 14, 6, 11, 13, 20, is the name of a sea.
My 4, 18, 7, 15, 9, 23, is the name of a River.
My 5, 19, 10, 4, 16, 16, 14, is made of clay.
My 6, 10, 1, 8, is an instrument of music.
My 7, 10, 15, is a narrow inlet of water.
My 8, 13, 11, 14, 5, is one of the United States.
My 9, 10, 3, 15, is the name of a Bank in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 16, 2, 4, is a word often used by Daniel O'Connell.
My 11, 2, 14, is a public place.
My 12, 10, 7, 14, 5, is the name of a bird.
My 13, 20, 4, is a small insect.
My 14, 13, 8, 16, reputation
My 15, 9, 13, 4, is used for food.
My 16, 13, 23, 4, 9, 10, is one of the feasts.
My 17, 13, 14, 16, is the name of a plant.
My 18, 7, 20, 6, the cards held at a game.
My 19, 14, 6, 10, 5, was the name of a spy.
My 20, 16, 23, 4, an abode.
My 21, 20, 6, 11, 13, the name of a country.
My 22, 18, 14, 4, is the name of a coin.
My 23, 13, 20, 8, is used for making glass.
My whole is the name of a Society in this city.
Phila. THOS. L. STAFFORD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 8, 15, 15, 11, 8, 13, 11, 8, is a river in Tennessee.
My 6, 5, 15, 1, 8, 11, is a canal which connects Santee and Cooper's river.
My 4, 3, 15, 12, 3, 8, is a canal which connects Macon and Forsyth river.
My 13, 5, 13, 1, 8, 11, is a river in South Carolina.
My 7, 14, 15, 8, 6, is a county in Mississippi.
My 5, 15, 6, 3, 15, is a town in North Carolina.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is a county in Tennessee.
My 4, 3, 15, 12, 12, 3, 8, is a county in Mississippi.
My 2, 5, 1, 1, 8, 12, 13, is a cape on the coast of North Carolina.
My whole is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
A solution to the above is requested.
EDWIN HAGERT, 10 years old.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

RANDOLPH MACON UNIVERSITY.

Solutions—River, Rhone, Upsal, M. Etna, Orel, Leon, Sana, Delhi, Turin, Yeanna, Aden, Rivola, Candia, Milan, Ivice Rheims, Dresden, Cordova, Otranto, Sevre Halle, Corinth, Lemnos Macao. J. B. HERRON.

Agricultural.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DRAINING LAND.

We remember well the time when the idea of fertility and heavy products was so intimately and thoroughly blended with that of moisture, that wherever we saw a piece of land that was constantly moist, so that no water laid on its surface, we set down that spot as one that would not fail to bring a heavy crop—especially of grass; and we have our doubts whether there was not a time when this was the common impression. Inquiry, reflection and experience are, however, now doing for agriculture what they have sooner done for other pursuits; and now, fortunately the mind is brought to work at every turn, and empiricism and prejudice are made to give way before investigation and proof. Now the farmer is taught by the exercise of his reason, and even without knowing it, by the principles of agricultural chemistry, that a *settled, abiding moisture* in land, resulting from some obstruction to the escape of water, either rain or spring water, is incompatible with that degree of *warmth* which is one of the indispensable conditions to the development and growth of vegetables. Hence, as the farmer who walks or rides over his estate, and sees a sunken or a low spot, which in the driest weather shows signs of constant dampness, indicated by coarse aquatic grasses, or otherwise, he says to himself, "There is a portion of my capital lying dead and inert. I must therefore contrive so to *drain* it that the water will not *settle* upon or in it, and thus give it life and activity. Then I shall have removed the only obstacle which prevents it from yielding a heavier crop either of grain or grass, than any other equal portion of my estate;"—for the farmer ought to lay it down as a rule, that even where he proposes to lay down his land in grass, it should yet be so well drained as to be well adapted to the growth of *grain*. Land so laid dry, will, always give, with equal richness, a better crop of cleaner and more valuable *hay*, than that which is too wet to produce grain. Let him who wants to see heavy crops of clean, nutritious timothy hay, go to the naturally dry, hilly lands, such as George Patterson's, Gov. Howard's or N. Bosley's, on the Gunpowder, in Maryland. True, there are many fields that are well adapted to the growth, and produce *heavy crops*, of tobacco or grain, that would not yield, and at all events not more than one crop, of timothy, or herd's grass as it is called in different parts of the country; but that is owing, not to the absence of moisture, but to some other condition of the land—to too much of one and too little of another kind of soil, and to other circumstances, not to the want of moisture. Moisture, it is undeniable, is essential to the growth of all vegetables, according to the laws of vegetable physiology, but not fixed, pent up moisture, its departure, like its coming should be free and natural. If we appear to dwell too much on this subject (of draining,) it is because it is impossible to pass along through the country without being struck with the quantity of land, on almost every estate, the very best land on it, which is made sick and unproductive of all wholesome growths, by circumstances that *prevent the escape of redundant moisture*, and it is among the foremost of our wishes, to see the minds of landholders possessed of the conviction that it is idle to be sighing and scheming, for more land, or repining at the inadequacy of their income, while they already have too many acres that lie waste and unproductive—paying interest but yielding no dividend, for want of draining, grubbing, cleaning and manuring.—*Farmer's Library.*

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

LIME IN HEAPS OF SODS.

Mr. Editor,—I have a quantity of sods taken from a salt marsh I had ditched last fall. They are piled up, and I shall haul them off in March. I had thought of stacking them up in one large heap, and leaving the whole to decompose. I am not sure that this method is the best, and ask for information. I intend the dressing for grass land—which lies contiguous to the marsh. Will air slaked lime, if used in abundance answer, provided any should be used? P.

Phipsburg, Me., Feb. 2d, 1846.

If you wish to rot your sods as soon as possible, mix with them manure from the horse stable, or the strongest wood ashes that you can find.

If you desire to *preserve* your sods, unrotted, mix lime with them. Lime is a preserver, not a decomposer of vegetable matter. Lime is most suitable to be placed around fence posts to prevent their rotting,—than in heaps of muck or sods, as many do—they know not why. Slaked lime creates no heap of muck, consequently it does not hasten or promote decomposition.

Our opinion of lime is that it is no better than sand in a manure heap, though it costs more. It helps to kill worms, and it serves to correct certain acids in certain soils. In all red soils there is iron ore. In such soils lime has proved very valuable. The lands of Pennsylvania abound in iron ore, and it is there that lime is found useful. [Editor.

Curious Affairs.

PROPORTION OF BIRTHS TO MARRIAGES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

Austria,	4.60
Belgium,	4.64
Bohemia,	4.27
England,	4.20
France,	3.93
Norway and Sweden,	3.62
Holland,	4.90
Portugal,	4.14
Russia,	4.25

The mean general duration of human life is between 38 and 42 years. The natural limit of human life is from 80 to 90. Of all new-born infants 1 out of 4 dies the first year; two-fifths scarcely attain their 5th year; and before their 22nd year one-half of the generation are consigned to the grave. The proportion of births to marriages, on an average, and in a country if some exist, can scarcely be more than 5, or less than 3, to one marriage. The ordinary proportion in the most civilized countries of the world is 4 births to one marriage. The proportion of births to deaths is, one year with another, from 101 to 150 for every 100. Taking the total number of the human race at 700,000,000, the ratio of the deaths to the living population as 1 to 33, and that of the births to the living as 1 to 29½, we shall have for the whole globe—

	In one year.	One day.	One hour.	One Minute.
Births,	23,728,813	65,010	2,708	45
Deaths,	21,212,121	58,120	2,421	40

Whence it follows that the sum total of the human race would in one year be augmented by an accession of 2,516,692 individuals, were it not for wars and pestilences. This augmentation would in one hundred years create a population of 3,216,000,000. The number of males in a given number of births exceeds that of females in the ratio of 16 to 15; but the mortality is greater among male children in the ratio of 27 to 26.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

The following is an exact copy of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, as agreed on at New Castle, Del., 1685.

"*This Indenture witnesseth, That*—We, Packenah, Jarckhan, Sikals, Potquesatt, Jervis, Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekellappan Econus, Machloha Metthconga, Wisa Towey, Indian Kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all lands, from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto Upland called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of the Delaware River, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these followings goods to us in hand paid, and secured to be paid, by William Penn, proprietary and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz:—20 guns, 20 fathoms matchecoat, 20 fathoms stroud water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 pounds powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 pounds of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jewsharps, 50 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 string of beads—Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c., at New Castle, 2d day of the eighth month, 1685."

The above is a true copy from a copy taken from the original, by Ephraim Morton, formerly a clerk in the land office.

Titles of Old Books.—The following are the titles of some of the old books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was "something in a name!" "A most delectable, sweet perfumed Nose-Gay, for God's saints to smell at;" "A pair of bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry;" "The Snuffers of Divine love;" "Hocks and Eyes for believers Breeches;" "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant;" "High-heeled shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish;" "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the soul sneeze with devotion;" "Salvations vantage ground, or a Looping stand for heavy believers;" "A Shot aimed at the Devil's head quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant;" "A Reaping Hook well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity—carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit and Swallows of Salvation;" "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humin's handful of Honey Suckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Dities, now newly augmented."

The Olio.

SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

What a moment! what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out,
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid Rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says, "Sneeze, you fool; get thro' it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi
(Hang it I shall sneeze till spring,)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—Soon after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va., to the combined armies of these United States and France under the command of Gen. Washington, two negroes, one a Whig and the other a Tory, were disputing which was the greatest man, Gen. Washington or Lord Cornwallis. The Whig said Washington, the Tory Cornwallis; at last the former said he did not know of such a man as Cornwallis. The latter was surprised, and asked the former if he had never heard of the great Lord Cornwallis; he replied that he had; "but," said he, "Gen. Washington catch him and shell all the corn off; he is nothing but Cobwallis now."

Question and Answer.—"Where were you all this afternoon?" inquired the master.

"No where," answered the boy, carelessly.

"*No where*," echoed the master, assuming a very wise look, and casting his eyes around the room, to see if the boys noted him—his custom always, when about to utter an impressive remark—"That *no where* must be a great place, for a good many boys go there, I find. But how came you to go there, Patrick?"

"Because," answered the little delinquent, "I had *no where's* to go, and so *I went there!*"

A loud laugh from the whole school followed, in which the master heartily joined.

An Old Bachelor Disappointed.—A funny story is told of an old bachelor in Pittsburg, who recently had a perfect bucket of cold water dashed upon his fondest hopes. While walking along the street he picked up a thimble. He stood meditating awhile, thinking of the probable beauty of the owner, and then pressed it to his lips and ejaculated—"Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the owner!" Just as he had finished, a big negro wench looked out of an upper window and said—"*Look a heah, hoss, you down dar, yo please to frow dat fimble ob mine in de entry—I jes dropt it!*" The bachelor dropped the thimble and marvelled.

☞ "Does smoking offend you?" said a landlord to his newly arrived boarder. "Not at all, sir." "I'm very glad to hear it, as you will find your chimney fire is given to the practice."

Mines of Precious Metal.—The estimated annual produce of the World's Gold and Silver Mines is £3,135,000 in gold, and £5,543,000 in silver.

☞ Park Benjamin calls oysters "*animal blanc mange.*"

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References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.

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And we have about 450 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

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N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.

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☞ EXTRAORDINARY. ☜

A CURE OF BODY AND MIND.—The following is from a worthy citizen of Kensington, and a member of the Methodist Church.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6th, 1846.

Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir:—Justice compels me to make the following statement of the extraordinary effects of your valuable medicine, the ALTERATIVE.

I certify that my wife was afflicted for fourteen years, during which time her disease baffled the skill of several eminent physicians. Finding that every means that were used fail to relieve her, I concluded to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that under the care and treatment she would there receive from the physicians in that institution, she might again be restored to health.—But to my great disappointment, she grew worse and became deranged in her mind, and I was obliged to take her home again, "*incurable*" and BEREFT OF REASON. I will here mention that at this time the more prominent symptoms of her disease were Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, attended with sickness of the stomach, and vomiting of a very offensive fœtid mucous, pains in her head, back and stomach, and through the region of the heart, a troublesome cough from large quantities of phlegm in her throat, which kept her continually gagging and retching to throw it up. She had no appetite, and was very weak. She also suffered very much from uterine disease by which she was confined to her bed, having entirely lost the use of her limbs, and for several months we had to lift her in and out of bed. Add to all the above the deranged state of her mind, (which at the time was truly awful,) and you will be able to form some idea of her afflictions.

By the advice of a friend we commenced giving her your Alterative, in the doses of a teaspoonful three times a day, and found that it helped her. We also gave her your Vermifuge, to increase her appetite, and the Sanative Pills to regulate her bowels. She had not taken two bottles of the Alterative, before it operated upon her in a wonderful manner, filling her face with small red pimples, and caused her to expectorate large quantities of corruption, before which, her breath was so offensive we could not remain in the room with her unless the doors were open. Finding the Alterative doing her so much good, we increased the dose according to the directions, and she continued to improve daily, until finally, she was restored to health in body as well as in mind.

I hope you will delay no time in laying this before the public, as I am willing to be qualified at any time to the truth of the above statement, and that it was your Alterative which cured her.

All persons will be convinced of the truth of this statement, by calling at my house, in BEDFORD st. above Marlboro. Yours, with respect, SAML. FIELDS.

Prepared at No. 8 SOUTH THIRD St. jan 31 3m

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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Medicine.

IN THIS PREPARATION ARE STRONGLY concentrated all the medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, compounded with other valuable extracts, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. The great object desired is now accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed hitherto incurable diseases.

The afflicted, or those who may have been given up in despair, and all who are interested, are invited to make a trial of this valuable medicine, or to call on those who have come forward and borne public testimony of its priceless value to them, and satisfy themselves individually of its power in arresting and curing disease and of what it has done for others.

The following was addressed to our Agent at Savannah:

Ogechee Cross Road, Ga., August 24, 1845.

Mr. G. R. Hendrickson, Savannah.

Dear Sir—Having just recovered from a most severe Chronic Rheumatism, with which I have been afflicted for many years, and having used various remedies without any success, I am induced to write to you in respect to Sands' Sarsaparilla, to which valuable medicine I now owe my present enjoyment of health. Despairing of ever recovering from this distressing disease, and, while laboring under the most acute agony and pain, I was persuaded to try the Sarsaparilla so highly recommended for the cure of rheumatism. I tried one bottle, and the little benefit I derived from that one, induced me to give it a fair trial, which I did, by sending down to you for half a dozen bottles; and am now happy to say I find myself, for the first time in twelve years, well and able to attend to my necessary duties. I send you this through a feeling of gratitude, due this excellent medicine, and a sense of obligation to my fellow beings, that those similarly afflicted, may be induced to try this valuable remedy, Sands' Sarsaparilla.

Yours, with respect, &c. DANIEL FOX.

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